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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

The Week.

The selection of Mr. Lee McClung, the treasurer of Yale University, as Treasurer of the United States, is gratifying proof that the President desires to put into offices connected with the Treasury men free from political entanglements, who can be counted on to give efficient and able administration. Like the appointment of Professor Andrew of Harvard as Director of the Mint, the choice of Mr. McClung will come as another blow to the organization Republicans who, it must be admitted, have been singularly unsuccessful since Mr. Taft took office in landing jobs for any of the old broken-down hacks who usually are hailed as great financiers or administrators. Mr. MacVeagh, too, is fully awake to the importance of the new type of official, and is surrounding himself with a group of active and successful young men who may be counted upon to help him in his proposed modernization of the Treasury's methods. As to Mr. McClung, his excellent work, at a personal sacrifice, in remodelling the accounting system at Yale, argues him capable of making a success in his new office.

The late Governor Johnson expressed his general political and democratic faith in an article in the October *World's Work*. Breathing throughout it is a warm, imaginative belief in the future and in man himself. And the simplicity and genuineness of Gov. Johnson's feeling remove all taint of demagoguery. Commenting on the article, the *World's Work* defines what makes a Western man Western: "It is the feeling that the West puts a higher value on a man and less value on a dollar than the East—that a man counts for what he is, rather than for what he is worth, that the door of opportunity swings open more easily and more widely. This is what he means by 'more room,' 'more freedom,' 'a larger view,' and all the other breezy generalizations that make up his vocabulary." This Western feeling is understood, the editor goes on to say, by Senator Cummins, Gov. Johnson, and ex-President Roosevelt, and it is a feeling that may be an important political factor next year and two years thereafter. We should say, however, that the phrases used imply no conspicuously different political or social philosophy from that held in the East. There is merely in the West a more unquestioning confidence about the possibilities of what may be; consequently a greater sympathy with all tendencies which point to the future.

New Jersey's political conscience must be tough, indeed, if it fails to stir to shame under Governor Fort's hot indignation. Seldom has a party come in for such scorching denunciation as the Governor poured out at Newark upon the leaders of the Republican party in the State beloved of corporations. It is not easy, said Governor Fort, to use hard words against your party. He might have added that it is still more difficult for a public official to stand up before the voters and admit that he has failed in what he tried to do. That was the most manly thing in the Governor's speech. Elected upon a platform that bound the party to a thorough programme of political and legal reform, New Jersey's Governor declares that, with the exception of two half-hearted reform measures, neither he nor the honest minority in the Legislature has been able to carry out any of the party pledges. The bosses have put their foot through promises and pledges, and, seated in the legislative chamber, have openly dictated legislation after the good old plan that he shall sell who has the power, and he shall buy who can. One thing only honest people across the river can be thankful for: the constitutional provision which makes Governors ineligible for reëlection enables New Jersey to hear a few words of bitter truth every two years from the lips of a man who knows.

We could have wished that it had been a man named Smith, or Jones, not Khyat, who had determined to bring suit to determine whether there is any limit to the personal outrages which may be inflicted by custom-house inspectors. Yet if no native-born American has spunk enough to find out his rights and to insist upon them, we are glad that an adopted citizen has come to the rescue. Certainly, the indignities to which Mr. Khyat's wife and children were subjected on the pier, sound almost incredible. Merely on suspicion that they were smuggling, they were literally stripped to the skin, and given such a nervous shock as to make them seriously ill. And it does not appear that they even got an apology from the officials, when nothing dutiable was found! If these things had happened to an American at the hands of Turkish customs officials in Beirut, we should have known what to think of the mingled stupidity and insult.

Interesting confirmation of our belief that the United States could have as efficient an army as it now has for 60 per cent. of what it pays for its troops, comes from a military source. Capt. George T. Langhorne of the Eleventh Cavalry, in the course of a paper in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution* on his military observations when abroad last year, records his amazement at the comparatively slight cost of foreign armies as contrasted with our own. "It is safe to say," he writes, "that for the same appropriations we could have double the number of men with better efficiency; but to do so, we should have to follow the best business methods and have the interest of the nation above all other considerations." Cost of administration in European armies, Capt. Langhorne finds, has been reduced to as low a percentage as in any of our immense business plants. There is little or no waste, and such money as is expended is applied directly to practical necessities, great attention being given to unit costs of men, horses, arms, etc. Here is a fresh demonstration of the need for the board we have urged, which should recast the business system of the army. Plenty of efficient men of affairs could be called upon for volunteer service, and there are available a number of younger officers like Capt. Langhorne who realize that the American taxpayer is getting only about sixty cents' worth of army for every dollar he devotes to that purpose.

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The Hudson-Fulton display of Saturday night in New York makes one look back with pitying contempt upon the notion of "illumination" which prevailed before the introduction of electric lighting. Beginning only with Paris in 1889, followed by the outlining in light of the Court of Honor in Chicago in 1893, with swinging searchlights and the iridescences of the "Electric Fountain," then again the view across from the Trocadero to the Champ de Mars in 1900, and the Pan-American at Buffalo in 1901, what a wonderful series it has been! In some respects the latest mentioned was the most remarkable, the gradual illumination of Buffalo until the Electric Tower, in a white and dazzling sheen, closed the vista of the display. Such an advance might have been expected from a fair which had harnessed Niagara for power to be transformed into light. But even those who had seen all these sights must have found the spectacle of Saturday night not only worth see-but worth going to see. And some of the most memorable of the sights were far from the Riverside Drive. Those who were fortunate enough to go home by the East River found its illuminations as memorable as on the Hudson. The outlining of the four great bridges with electric light produced an effect which surely cannot be matched in any other city of the world.

If a statue of Hudson is to constitute part of his projected monument, there can be no possible excuse for failing to "get a likeness." What manner of man Hudson was is fully set forth in "Knickerbocker's History of New York." To begin with, he was "a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose." Bronze would then seem to be the best material for his statue. But Knickerbocker gives us even fuller details:

> He wore a true Andrea Ferrera tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on one side of his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders.

"I have been thus particular in his description," Knickerbocker concludes, "for the benefit of modern painters and statuaries, that they may represent him as he was, and not, according to their common custom with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar or Marcus Aurelius or the Apollo of Belvidere."

Recent revelations of bad conditions in our prisons fall in with indications of a more enlightened popular view of the whole subject of the treatment of crime. The probation officer, the parole system, the small "home" for wild boys—all imply an attempt to treat, as much as possible, every "criminal" personally, to treat him, in other words, as a human being, and not as a type. This is summed up in a remark of Oscar Wilde's. In a letter hitherto unpublished, he wrote: "It is not the prisoners who need reformation. It is the prisons." This, if interpreted widely, is profoundly in line with our present feeling. What is needed in the way of reform is a radical improvement in our treatment of criminals, not only in captivity, but at large. We need to realize the great sensitiveness of the child and his infinite possibilities for development in either a good or a bad direction, depending on his environment, in the widest sense. And the only vital way, which at present seems practicable, to improve the "environment" of those already injured morally and nervously, is to give them a much greater amount of personal attention than is now the case. The drift is in that good direction.

Dr. Eliot reëchoes the materialism of forty years ago when he makes the surgeon the chief priest of his new religion. Perhaps there would be no objection if we could find a surgeon who made no mistakes. Forty years ago, "science" was to supply man with everything that he had been accustomed to look for in faith. But the science of a later day has been rather anxious to shift the burden of ministering to man's religious instincts. Science, in fact, has been catching the habit of summoning faith to its own aid, as a controversy now under way eloquently testifies. The present age has a little less confidence in doctors than we had two decades ago. The *materia medica* has had to stand some rude assaults. The surgeon's knife, it is true, has inspired reverence, but only a few weeks after Dr. Eliot propounded the substitution of scalpel and anæsthetic for crozier and incense, a medical congress at Berlin voted that surgeons operate too readily, in some diseases.

John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York, has been saying something which may seem radical to those who still feel the past only. "Look to the city-bred boy," he said, "for the great things in the future. The great problems of the future will be city problems. The men who have been bred in the cities, who understand them, and who have had the training, will solve these problems. Once he has acquired health and strength, the city-bred youth is far better fitted to go out into the world and make a name for himself than the boy from the farm. Temperamentally, he is better fitted for the struggle. His environment has made him so." The advantages of living in the country are as obvious now as they always have been. But as conditions are becoming more and more such as necessitate the bringing-up of our youth in the cities, the actual problem is how to train them there to the best advantage. By gymnasium exercise and other ways of keeping the body in good condition, the city youth may measurably attain to country vigor, and then may use it with greater effect than could their country cousins. When the latter come to the city, they flounder about for a time, unfitted to their surroundings and probably always somewhat handicapped. It is still true, we suppose, that the majority of leading men in a given city are country-bred; but the future, as President Finley said, may possibly bring a change.

The appearance of the first advertisement of aeroplanes for sale is startling proof that the heavier-than-air machine has reached the stage of commercial exploitation. We are happy to note this, for under the commercial test the development of the flying machine is bound to progress far more rapidly than when it is in the hands of rich amateurs or inventors backed by wealthy friends or the government. In Germany, the new Zeppelin company expects to make money, and the need of earning dividends will improve the Zeppelin craft far more rapidly even than the plaudits of the Emperor and the entire capital city. So with the aeroplanes; trade competition will soon show

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how they can be reduced in size and cost and their safety increased. It is significant in this connection that the firm which advertises is a large automobile concern. Just as the bicycle-makers were compelled to turn to automobiles, and our best carriage-makers have made their carriage-building secondary to automobile bodies, so the automobile firms may, in turn, have to take up the new machine. It is certainly an inviting field for Yankee ingenuity and enterprise, particularly when such men as Curtiss and Wright are showing the way. We can sympathize with the resident of New Jersey, who, having had the distinction of owning the first automobile in that State, is now soon to receive an aeroplane. But dangerous as the motor-car was, and is, it will seem safe as a baby-carriage beside the risks of the aeroplane, until that machine is better understood and further developed.

The recent Champlain celebration drew attention to one side of French genius which we Anglo-Saxons have been wont to slight. The story of the French in the New World is more thrilling, more compact of historical romance, than that of the English. This is not to compare the two peoples as colonizers; we all know how that competition ended. We are reminded of the hardihood of the old seamen who sailed the Saint Lawrence, when we read, in the London *Outlook*, a little article on "The Seaside Life of France." The London journalist has at last discovered that Trouville does not sum up the subject in one word. He writes, presumably of the Breton sailors who were later to exploit the Canadian fisheries:

> As early as the thirteenth century these simple and hardy sailors carried on an enormous trade. Their fleets traversed every sea. One captured the Canaries, another merchant squadron sailed up the Tagus and bearded the King of Portugal in his capital. . . . It was they who opened the fur trade in Canada and established a European colony in Senegal; and even now the men travel to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the women take their full share in the varied life of the great seaport towns and little fishing villages of the country.

It does, indeed, give one a start when, on a walking-tour that has taken one as far as savage Penmarch, one sees in the "best room" of a peasant's cottage trinkets and postcards sent home by seafaring sons and brothers from half the seaports of this travelled world.

When the German Reichstag assembles for its autumn session, an important question is expected to come up as a consequence of the fall of Von Bülow and the rearrangement of parties that led to it. This is whether a new President and new Vice-Presidents of the Reichstag shall be elected. The present presiding officers, Count Stolberg, the President, and Dr. Paasche and Herr Kämpf, the Vice-Presidents, were chosen by the *bloc* of party groups which the Chancellor organized to support his Government in the Reichstag elected in January, 1907. But that *bloc* is now disrupted. It was a fresh party alliance which overthrew Von Bülow and is now in Parlimentary control. And the expectation is that it will insist upon naming a new President and at least one new Vice-President. The desire to do this arises partly from a natural wish to emphasize the power of the new partly grouping, but also from the importance of having presiding officers in political sympathy with the majority. The President of the Reichstag, while not a party leader like our Speaker of the House of Representatives, is yet far from the detached and non-partisan position of the Speaker of the House of Commons. He has much to do with deciding on the order of business, and in acting as intermediary between the Reichstag and the Government, while in other ways he exerts powerful influence upon legislation. Hence it is not strange that a demand for a new President has sprung up, and bids fair to be the first interesting political question brought before the Reichstag.

The Kaiser's Colonial Secretary is developing into as indefatigable a circuit rider as the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, used to be a few years ago. Aristocratic Germany was outraged when William II named Bernhard Dernburg, a man who bore the triple curse of a plebeian origin, Jewish ancestry, and success in business, to replace a noble and incompetent director at the head of the Bureau of Colonial Affairs. The new director, who in a short while became a full-fledged Minister of the Colonies, brought in new blood with a vengeance. The Kaiser's colonies were in a bad way. German East Africa's principal crop, under fine militaristic cultivation, was native rebellion and discontent. German Southwest Africa was planted thick with the graves of poor fellows in the Kaiser's uniform sent out to butcher the Herreros and be butchered by them. Herr Dernburg began by clearing all the old bureaucratic lumber out of the Colonial Office; then he set out to see things for himself. He has visited the African colonies and laid the foundation for the building up of a permanent and profitable agriculture. In Southwest Africa the recent discovery of diamonds has proved a windfall to the new Minister. But windfalls as a permanent resource are not in Herr Dernburg's line. His heart is set on cotton. If German spindles can be fed from German cotton fields, one of the Kaiser's fondest dreams will be realized. With that end in view, Herr Dernburg is now on his way to this country to study the South and rob it of its secrets. This is an example of German method and application which has driven Mr. Balfour in despair to embrace protectionism.

The Spanish troops in Morocco have followed up an unlucky start with a splendid recovery. Mount Guruga, the Riff stronghold, is said to be virtually captured, and the Moors are negotiating for surrender. Undoubtedly it is the very poor beginning of the campaign that heightens the effect of the subsequent victories. The Spanish army had no such difficulties to contend with as the French did two years ago in Western Morocco. The latter had a coast-line of possibly one hundred miles to cover, with an indefinite hinterland. The peninsula about Melilla, where the Spanish campaign is under way, is hardly twenty miles by twenty. It is true that the mountain country gave the Riffs an initial advantage which the Chaouiya tribes lacked against the French. But the advantage was only apparent. By holding the Riff forces tied down to a few square miles of territory, it soon gave the Spanish troops a chance to corral them. When it comes to stand-up fighting between Europeans and the primitive peoples, the issue can never be long in doubt. It is the system of fight and scamper that uses up expeditionary troops. As it was, panic taught the Spanish government wisdom, and by throwing a good-sized army into Africa it has exacted almost dramatic vengeance on the Moors.

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POOR CONGRESS!

In one of his Western speeches, the President said that, when he thought how much there was for Congress to do and how short the session must be, he could not but tremble. Yet his sensations can be nothing to those of Congressmen themselves. They see gradually unfolded before them an enormous programme. They are expected to reform the currency and perfect a banking system. Many laws respecting the conservation of forests, mines, and water-power are expected of them. A vast and complicated measure recasting the Anti-Trust Act is to be laid before them. They will also be asked to devise laws to restore the merchant marine. All these and other extra subjects of legislation will be loaded upon Congressional shoulders already bowed under the burden of passing the laws necessary for carrying on the government. The President speaks easily of the urgent need of cutting down appropriations by $40,000,000 or $50,000,000, but the labor involved in that alone is oppressive, and will tax the best energies of the best heads in Congress for many months. It would not be surprising, therefore, if members of the House and Senate, contemplating all this work piling up on them, should emit groans or despair.

As a matter of fact, however, they are, rather, chuckling to themselves and their friends with a touch of cynicism. They have been there before. This is not the first time that elaborate schemes of legislation have been pressed upon them. They have often before been called upon to reform everything out of hand, with a complete set of new laws. They have seen what has come of it. They have witnessed the impetuosity of an Executive dash itself to pieces against the stolid inertia of Congress. Large and glowing promises have before now turned out meagre and drab performance. So it is with a kind of amused wonder that Congressmen observe the President unroll to the gaze of the West his legislative programme. Their instinctive question is: "How much of it does he really suppose he will get?"

In trying to estimate the actual outcome of Mr. Taft's extensive proposals, we have to reckon not merely with the great difficulty of getting a large and unwieldy body to act together. That is initial, fundamental, and always present; but behind it there lies an even more formidable obstacle. This is the political hopes and fears of Congressmen. They will have to come before their constituents for renomination next autumn, and for election in the November following; and it is not too much to say that the thought of their own political fortunes will be uppermost in their minds during the entire session of Congress. That will be the test by which they will tacitly decide their attitude towards all controverted bills—"will it help or hurt my chances for reëlection?"

Now, the great Congressional rule is: When in doubt, do nothing. Members get contradictory advice. One set of newspapers urges them to act, another threatens to denounce and oppose them if they do act. From certain people in their districts they receive appeals and demands to support a pending bill, as one upon which the salvation of the country hangs; but by other voters they are warned that the measure is fraught with mischief and iniquity, and will be the political death of any member who favors it. The net effect is to intensify Congressional inertia, and to convince doubtful Representatives that their strength is in sitting still.

These well-known facts have gone to establish the tradition that it is impossible to extract any strongly opposed legislation out of Congress in the session immediately before Congressional elections. Caution and timidity are then the chosen counsellors, and the prevailing political maxim is: "Why can't you let it alone?" This dread of doing anything important with an election impending, was one reason given for summoning Congress in extra session last March to revise the tariff. With the memory of what happened after the passage of the McKinley tariff in 1890, Congressmen, it was felt, could not be persuaded to touch the explosive subject unless the political result was at least a year away. But the same reasoning will work powerfully for inaction next winter. This fact alone, in the opinion of good judges, will put any currency legislation out of the question. To this view, the Administration now appears to be quietly coming around, for the President intimated the other day that currency and banking reform would probably be deferred to the session of 1910-11. But Mr. Taft will find, if his other measures take on a sharply controversial aspect, that the tendency to postpone them, too, will be very strong.

This kind of inveterate cross-purposes between the Executive and Congress—the former pushing on and the latter holding back—seems inherent in our political system. The Administration and the majority in Congress do not stand or fall together. Congress practically says to the President, at the time of the elections midway in his term of office: "It is all very well for you to say that we ought to pass all these bills, but you don't have to go out and receive the verdict of the people, while we have. So you must not blame us for being a little more circumspect than you seem to be."

REORGANIZING THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

Recent Washington dispatches announced that Secretary Knox had appointed Henry M. Hoyt, Solicitor-General under the Roosevelt Administration, to be Counsellor of the Department of State. We have also had news of several other important appointments made in that Department. Additional bureaus have been created to manage its affairs. Two well-paid experts have been added to the existing Bureau of Trade Relations to collect information concerning foreign markets; and Bureaus of Far Eastern Affairs, of Latin-American Affairs, and of Information have been formed. These activities and others which are expected to follow indicate that a reorganization of the Department has been undertaken, upon radical lines, and that the most conservative of all the executive offices is entering upon a new epoch in its history.

Its former conservatism, however, has not been altogether of its own seeking, for successive Secretaries of State have for many years past informed Congress that the Department was not adequately equipped for its increasing business. The last and most forcible plea came from Secretary Root, who remarked that he was like a man trying to conduct the business of a large metropolitan law-firm in the office of a village 'squire. Until recently, the organization was, in fact, that which Hamilton Fish put into operation nearly forty years ago. Since then only minor rearrangements have been attempted.

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But we should remember that before Mr. Knox's scheme of reorganization can be put into practice, it must be laid before Congress and receive the sanction of that body. Probably it will be approved in its essential features, for Congress has been moved to admit that the needs of the Department merit attention. At the last regular session, the Senate made provision for an Under-Secretary, with a substantial salary, and for a Fourth Assistant Secretary. This measure was regarded as so certain of adoption that Mr. Taft was supposed to have made selections to fill both offices; but the House at the eleventh hour threw it out, and when Mr. Knox took charge he was without the means of carrying out any schemes of extensive reform. The extra session of the new Congress afforded him relief by making an appropriation of $100,000 to enable him to investigate trade conditions in foreign countries, "and for other purposes," thus practically giving him complete control of the fund.

His reorganization, as it stands at present, presents anomalies which he must expect Congress to correct. The Assistant Secretaries of the Department and the Solicitor are appointed by the President after confirmation by the Senate, and each receives a salary of $4,500 per annum, except the First Assistant Secretary, who receives $5,000. The salary of the new Counsellor of the Department has not been announced, but is doubtless greater than the higher of these sums. The amount is fixed by the Secretary, who also made the appointment; that is to say, an officer whose commission is signed only by the Secretary of State is better paid than are those officers whose nominations have been confirmed by the Senate and whose commissions are signed by the President and sealed with the great seal. Somewhat similar conditions must prevail in Mr. Knox's newly created bureaus. For the Latin-American Bureau a former envoy to a South American country has been selected as chief; two consuls from the Orient are to assist in conducting the Bureau of Far Eastern Affairs. It is not probable that they have consented to serve for the pitiful salary of $2,100 a year, which is the amount allowed by existing law.

The regular bureaus of the Department are eight—Diplomatic, Consular, Indexes and Archives, Accounts, Rolls and Library, Citizenship, Trade Relations, and Appointments. To these Mr. Knox has already added three, and more are expected. There is now a Solicitor of the Department, with two assistants, and associated with these law officers we now have the new Counsellor. Thus there are four secretaries, eleven or more bureaus, and four legal officers to manage the affairs of the smallest of the executive departments We are not saying that this is too great a number or that there is not work enough for them all, but it cannot be denied that there is a possibility of top-heaviness in the arrangement. It is clear that if it is to be permanent, Congress should equalize the salaries.

The State Department is the oldest of the executive departments, and its primacy has generally been recognized. Greater distinction of office attaches to the Secretary of State than to any other Cabinet officer. The fact that Congress has always paid less attention to that Department than to the others is, doubtless, because it comes hardly at all into direct contact with the people. There was reason in the advice which an old Representative once gave to a new member, when he told him to avoid service upon a fancy committee like that of Foreign Affairs, if he wished to make himself popular with his constituents, as they cared nothing about international questions. The Department which disburses no money in the districts has few means of obliging Congressmen or of advertising its needs to the masses of the people. While its salary scale actually remains where it was before the civil war, the scale in the other departments has been steadily increased; and while its business has expanded, it has hitherto received little increase to its force. If Mr. Knox succeeds in awakening Congress to the needs of his Department, he will deserve congratulations, for there may result an efficiency and dispatch in its business which have long been desired

ENGLAND'S POLITICAL CRISIS.

Mr. Balfour's speech in Birmingham last week had long been looked forward to as an important political deliverance. Such it proves to be, though it is not a lightning-flash to clear up the political situation and show how the great crisis is to be met. The leader of the Conservatives does not deal in dangerous electrical displays. His thunderbolts are always sicklied o'er with the pale cast of philosophic doubt. If he has now gone further than ever before in advocating protective taxes, he has left in the clouds the vital question what the Lords are to do with the Finance Bill, when it reaches them next month. To say that it would not be for the House of Lords, but for the people, to decide, is to affirm only what the Prime Minister and Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill have repeatedly declared.

Nor can Mr. Balfour's arguing for tariff duties rather than taxes on land and incomes, be said to have made the course of his party unmistakable. In one way, it is true, he squarely met the issue. The Liberals have been insistently demanding that an alternative budget should be framed by those who so violently denounce the existing one. If you say our taxes are so bad, what taxes would you propose? Well, Mr. Balfour frankly admits that he should prefer taxes on imports. But that means, in England, taxes on food—on bread and meat. The Liberals in 1906 raised the cry of "free food," and won their great victory partly by leading the country to fear that the retention of the Conservatives in power would mean bread-taxes. This was indignantly denied at the time by the Tory leaders; but now they are forced to confess that such is their programme. Of course, they protest that they mean to begin with only a "little" tax, scarcely perceptible; but all the same they have definitely committed themselves to taxing the food of the people rather than the land of the rich. The Liberals could ask no better battle-cry.

Moreover, there is a distinct breach in his own party which Mr. Balfour's words must have widened, rather than closed. There are many Unionist free-traders, who, if the Conservatives are to go in for protection, ought to be read out of the party. And they were to be read out, we were told. Yet recently several of them have been agreed upon as Conservative candidates for Parliament. For the representation of Oxford University, the unrepentant Lord Hugh Cecil is to stand. Another Cecil, Lord Robert, has been accepted for Marylebone. In other constituencies, negotiations to a similar end are under way. It is said that, before the great

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peril of Socialism, differences in the party must be sunk. But what the effect of this has been upon the out-and-out protectionists in the Conservative party, may be seen from the angry explosion of the *Morning Post*. Says this influential Tory organ:

> It is not surprising to learn that the suggested compromise between the leaders of the Unionist party and the small section of Free Traders is regarded with the utmost indignation by the majority of Unionist electors in the constituencies concerned. There is every justification for the feelings of exasperation aroused by a blunder which is as foolish and shortsighted as it is dangerous to the permanent interests of the party and the nation. The news of the proposed arrangement with Lord Robert Cecil and his companions may well fill all zealous Unionists with despair. It shows clearly that the same unpractical and incapable spirit which was responsible for the disaster of 1906 is at work within the councils of the party.

We quote this to show that, if the Liberals have their troubles, the Conservatives have theirs. In spite of all the talk about closing up the ranks against the common enemy, it is clear that Mr. Balfour's followers are divided. They are not even convinced what the chief issue is to be—whether they are to be rallied against Socialism or against free trade.

Equal uncertainty shrouds the question whether the Lords ought or ought not to throw out the budget, and bring on a fateful Constitutional contest. The "Lords from the wild," as they call the peers who never go to the Gilded Chamber except to vote under orders, are getting the most dubious oracles from their party leaders. Professor Dicey has argued convincingly that the Lords have the right to reject a budget, but has no advice to give except that they should "feel assured" before acting. The *Spectator* for some time urged the Upper House to defeat the budget, but latterly has taken fright at the vital consequences of a struggle that might be lost, and now counsels the Lords to swallow the nauseous dose as best they can. Lord Rosebery, in his Glasgow speech, seemed about to come out boldly for rejecting the budget, but caught himself in time to warn their Lordships in the following terms:

> I have come to the deliberate conclusion that the Government wish the House of Lords to throw out the Finance bill. I think they believe it will cause an outcry in the country. In no other way can I explain the constant taunting and daring of the House of Lords that is visible in the speeches of ministers—not all, but some. If you wish a Briton to do a thing, dare him not to do it, and he is quite sure to do it, and I cannot help feeling that the policy of the Government is Machiavelian, and that their object is in these most injudicious speeches to spur the House of Lords to a decision which the Government desire.

Mr. Balfour's trumpet has now given an equally uncertain sound. We may well pity the sorrows of the House of Lords, trying to have somebody make up its mind.

The only Conservative leader who appears to have the courage of his convictions is the invalided Joseph Chamberlain. He sent a letter to the Birmingham meeting boldly expressing the hope that the House of Lords would "force a general election." This is only, of course, because he desires to have the issue of protection, of which he is the real begetter, brought to an early electoral test. To the taxes in Lloyd-George's budget, Mr. Chamberlain can have no settled objection, for he has himself advocated every one of them, including the super-tax on incomes, as well as the taxation of unoccupied land, sporting land, ground rent, and mineral royalties. He even advocated these taxes, "less," as he said, "for the amount they would bring into the Exchequer, than because" he thought "they would discourage certain arrangements which have been productive of much inconvenience and suffering to the community." But Joseph Chamberlain always flouts consistency, and will attack the budget all the more violently for embodying his own principles. The great decision, however, remains to be taken. The Finance Bill will reach the Lords early in October. If they screw their courage to the sticking-point and throw it out, they will precipitate a conflict which they know will result, if they lose, in their complete political extinguishment.

NEW-OLD NEW YORK.

We have always had extremes in American appreciation of America. The Yankee has either blatantly blown his own horn or else, even more odiously, has found nothing good in the land. Of all the tens of thousands whom we send abroad each year for "culture," too few reflect that there are things beautiful very close to them, things for which no admission price is charged. The rocks of the Maine seacoast are enjoyable outside of Winslow Homer's canvases. American young-womanhood, placed in a proper setting, is beautiful, even when unportrayed by Mr. Tarbell.

A fresh application of these well-worn truths is suggested by the fact that the Macmillans have just published a new picture-book on the scenes and the people of Greater New York. They are lucky enough to have Prof. John Van Dyke and Mr. Joseph Pennell as author and illustrator. In turning the pages of the volume, in lingering over the sketches in crayon and black-and-white, one is reminded that a good memory often consists in knowing how and what and when to forget. Art consists, no less, in knowing what to eliminate. The artistic conscience, like every other variety, must be "under control." This is not to deny that there are aspects of our new American cities which offer ready-made art-matter. What we have seen and appreciated as picturesque in Europe, or in picture shows of the past, we recognize for its own value, even though it be found at our very elbow. We readily see the romance of the harbor. We concede the attraction of Washington Square, done in an old-world manner. But what of the skyscrapers? What of the shabby elevated structures, and our teeming bridges? Precisely these, for at least one artist and one art-critic, have now proved enticing subjects. Rightly enough, Mr. Van Dyke says that our painters have commonly been a little bewildered by the bigness of New York:

> They do scraps of color, odd bits along the Harlem, a city square or street; but, with a few exceptions, they have not risen to the vast new city. That the "big" things, the high bridges, the colossal skyscrapers, the huge factories, the enormous waterways, are pictorial in themselves needs no wordy argument. . . . The material is here, . . . and it needs only the properly adjusted eyes to see its beauty.

It is, perhaps, the encroachment of the new New York on the old that offers the artist his greatest opportunity. Others grasped this fact before Mr. Pennell set about representing sights which, but for the accident that there are "more 'no eyes' than eyes," we should be seeing every day and hour. No one has succeeded better here than Mr Mielatz in such an etching as his "Cherry Street," with the elevated ironwork shadowing the crooked lane of tenements, with which it makes a perfect composition. If only we could learn

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the uselessness of trying to compare our modern cities with those which we more readily admire,—having good precedent! For New York is to the age of the aeroplane what Babylon was to the period of hanging-gardens, and London to the heyday of Vauxhall. New York and Paris cannot be studied upon one level; they are to be appraised only in their adaptation to their respective origins and uses. Therein we may win a certain reassurance.

Under the circumstances, Professor Van Dyke's attempt to compare the wild beauty of New York with that of the city on the Bosphorus, fails to move us. Walt Whitman, idly turning these pages, would have indignantly quoted two verses from his own poem, "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry":

> Now I am curious what sight can ever be more stately and admirable to me than my mast-hemm'd Manhattan,
> My river and sunset, and my scallop-edg'd waves of flood-tide.

Since the author of "The New New York" lauds as he does the wonderful clearness of American skies, it seems a bit queer that he should wish to make us believe that this city of ours is another London, too. "October with its bright light and high color has also its lilac or purple haze," he writes, and adds:

> The haze does not belong exclusively to the woodlands, though in the Central Park it lurks along the driveways, rests upon the Mall, and floods in and out among the trees and rocks and flowers. . . . It fills the whole lower avenue, surrounds the towers and steeples and cornices, and draws its mauve-hued veiling across the sharp prow of the distant Flatiron, making of that much maligned structure a thing of beauty. . . . The more dust and automobile smoke, the heavier is the atmosphere, and the more perfect the ensemble.

A double allurement has always been recognized in beauty half-veiled, and this principle of æsthetics or psychology applies to architecture as aptly as to anything else. Yet we should have liked it better had this amateur of the new New York stuck, either to the romance of the city as it is found in an occasional resemblance to old-world places, or else to the notion that sky-scraper and elevated systems are in themselves romantic.

THE FUNCTION OF SHYNESS.

From Berlin was reported, a few days ago, an extraordinary case of metamorphosis. Orville Wright was installed in the most expensive hotel in town, in the suite recently occupied by Cipriano Castro, hobnobbed daily with princes royal, slapped ambassadors and Imperial counsellors on the back, went to five o'clock teas, and liked it. This was the Orville Wright who only a few weeks ago pushed his derby far back on his head, put his thumbs into the pockets of his waistcoat, and said "How de do!" to the President of the United States.

At Fort Myer, however, it was embarrassment, where in Berlin it was nonchalance. So long as his work was still before him, Orville Wright hated reporters, fled from the presence of Congressmen, and stammered lame explanations to interested ladies. The triumph at Fort Myer was a double victory. It was a conquest of the air and a conquest of the demon of shyness which besets most truly creative workers in the midst of their tasks. That is the penalty of intense preoccupation in the inventor, the scholar, the thinker. If we reason superficially, we say that shyness in such cases proceeds from an overpowering desire not to be interfered with. But that is a minor cause. Actually, the mind that is possessed with a single great problem is so overcharged with the importance of it that it destroys all other values in life. Not to solve the problem is to be a failure, and the inventor whose plane resistances are not quite worked out, or the philosopher whose separate principles fail to dovetail, is bent down in the most sincere humility. He is shy because he cannot do the only thing in life worth doing, cannot be the only thing in life worth being. He cannot meet his fellows on an equal footing.

But when the scholar has initialled the final proof-sheet of his *magnum opus*, when the machine flies an hour and a half and comes to the ground without breaking its propeller, what a change the ironic muse is frequently compelled to record. The example of the Wrights here fails us to a certain degree. They, too, have felt the wings of victory fan their cheeks into a warmer glow, but in spite of Cipriano Castro's royal suite, Yankee wit steeped in Ohio atmosphere will probably succeed in keeping its balance. But of shyness there can no longer be any question. Stern fate, which decrees death to the conquered, just as remorselessly binds the victor to the wheel of publicity. Formerly the successful man was expected to enjoy the world's adulation or leave it alone, as it pleased him best. To-day there is no choice for him, for fame is no longer a pleasant sensation to be tasted, but a commodity to be capitalized and trafficked in. Tame the air, range the African wilds with your gun, or discover the Pole, and you are immediately the prof-it-taking victim of every instrument capable of impinging on the public ear drum. The linotypes cry, "Talk through us"; the phonograph machines plead, "Shout through us"; the color-presses beg, "Paint through us"; the moving-picture screens implore, "Hop, skip, jump, climb, fall, and rise on us." Fame's commercial agents knock her victims down with golden bludgeons and exhibit the body to the populace, to the victim's enormous profit. Under such circumstances how can shyness walk hand in hand with success?

And the timid triumphator finds it hard not to yield. It is not only the temptation of gold and power. It is the great love for his fellowmen that always burns in the heart of the diffident man. For let it be said again, the shy man's fear of people arises from a profound humility and an exalted altruism. The shy do not think their mere common humanity a sufficient title to the attention of those around them. They must earn that attention by service. They go about pleading, "Let me do something for you. Let me build your aeroplane for you. Let me map your Arctic zones for you. Let me find the ideal form of government for you." The love is there; but it finds expression in service. What wonder, therefore, if when the service is completely rendered, that shyness should show all at once the social passion that has always been there. Airily we say that, of course, extremes run into extremes, that timidity leads to paranoia. Actually the warm soul has always been there, glowing behind the mask.

Thus Nature once more manifests her magnificent adjustment of means to end. When she has picked out genius to do her work, this one to ride the clouds or charm the tides, and that one to recover the secrets of the dead past or to fashion the pillars of the future, she sets them apart from the rest of the world. She protects them against the idler, the fool, the pretender, the bore.

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the empty chatterbox, and the curious bystander by throwing over her chosen ones the impenetrable armor of self-consciousness and shyness. In monastic seclusion, they do their work and serve her ends. When the work is done and her ends are attained, Nature, in her magnificent cruelty, snatches from them the armor of their diffidence and leaves them naked to the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

THE METAPHYSICIAN OF THE LIFE-FORCE.*

I.

Out of the many new conceptions and new formulas for the universe that have been engaged in so confusing a struggle for survival in the reflection of the past century, at least two appear to emerge from the welter in flourishing condition. And these two, different though they are in origin, have shown so marked an affinity for each other that they may be said to have mated and brought into being a new view of the general nature of things, which shows every promise of great influence, if not of dominance, in the philosophical and religious thinking of the newer generation. These two conceptions are, first, the doctrine that the reality manifested in the world of our experience is at bottom a blind, striving, unresting, expansive Will to Live, *Wille zum Leben*, a reality that is in some degree revealed inwardly in man's volitional life, but is more fundamental than intellect; and, secondly, the doctrine of cosmic and organic evolution. The first has tended, of late, to be taken in a very un-Schopenhauerian, because unpessimistic, sense; and the second in a very un-Darwinian, because unmechanistic, sense; and their issue, when so taken, is a way of thinking about the universe which may be characterized as an evolutionism at once radical and romantic.

A "radical" evolutionism means a policy of thorough in the application of the idea of development to the universe; it means conceiving of the world through and through—or, at least, all of it with which men have any sort of concern—as subject to change, to becoming, to gradual self-transformation, and to cumulative self-augmentation. Thoroughness in this way of thinking is not a thing to which the human mind has naturally inclined; and it has not been common in philosophy or theology, even since evolutionary ideas have come into vogue. We have, indeed, had in the course of the nineteenth century many systems of thought in which the idea of evolution, in a broad sense, has played a great part. The German philosophers of the romantic period, in their "philosophies of history," and even in their metaphysics, often seemed to be giving an essentially dramatic version of the nature of the world; the cosmic piece seemed to have action and plot and a gradual unfolding, and even moments of suspense and uncertainty. No small part of the charm that Hegel exercised over many minds in his own time and since, lay in that aspect of his system wherein all human history was pictured as but a long, slow, painful urge and struggle of the Absolute Spirit, through vicissitude after vicissitude and negation after negation, toward a larger and more manifold life, a fuller self-affirmation, a freer forth-putting of power. Hegel's seemingly arid logic was, after all, as Professor Royce has said, the logic of passion, and more specially of the passion of struggle and expansion: "his Absolute was a man of war." But in this romantic evolutionism Hegel never dared to be radical. Struggle and becoming and progress were not the last words of his philosophy; rather were they descriptive of specious but illusory aspects of the universe. When all was said, time itself was a false appearance; the Logic was but a changeless scheme of relations between concepts, to which it was not in the least essential that they should be unfolded successively and gradually; and the Absolute was not really engaged in the hazards or hampered by the oppositions of the battlefield, but was eternally at peace and eternally triumphant. The same must be said of the philosophy of Schopenhauer; his *Wille zum Leben*, through some brilliant rhetorical hocus-pocus, came out at the end strangely metamorphosed into identity with the dreaming, if not, indeed, the dead, Absolute of Hindu mysticism.

II.

Thus throughout most of the nineteenth century—the century of evolutionary ways of thinking in all the provinces of thought—both the idealistic philosophers and popular theology have taken their evolutionism with reserves—have, indeed, made it always subordinate to its logical opposites in metaphysics, the "creationism" of Hebrew cosmogony or the "emanationism" of the later Platonists. Both these fashions of conceiving the temporal aspect of things assume that a sort of Being that is perfect and infinite and omnipotent must have come first in the order of existence—first logically and chronologically and causally; and, what is more, that such a Being, even though it somehow engenders a world of beings imperfect and finite and destined to struggle and to gradual development, remains itself withal no less perfect and infinite and unperturbed. In short, even since the general diffusion of the idea of development, theology and the more religious sorts of philosophy have, as a rule, continued to take for granted that essentially emanational conception of the becoming of things which the Angelic Doctor explained to Dante in the Fourth Heaven:

> All things, whether mortal or immortal, are naught but the radiance of that Idea which, in His love, our Lord God brings to birth; for that Living Light which so proceeds from Its lucent source that It is not disunited from It, . . . through Its own bounty collects Its rays, as it were mirrored, in new existences, Itself eternally remaining one. Thence, by degrees, It descends to the nethermost possibilities of being, lending to each in turn reality, becoming such that finally It makes naught save short-lived and contingent entities—by which I mean the generated things that the heavens in their motion produce.

A habit of mind rooted so deep, not merely in philosophical tradition, but in the long-established preconceptions of popular thought, is not changed easily, nor without profoundly changing the temper and attitudes of men's minds at many other points. It would not be easy, therefore, to exaggerate the historic interest and significance of the fact that a genuinely radical evolutionism, which is at the same time of a highly romantic and religious spirit, is just now receiving vigorous and frequent expression from men whose ideas have exceptional currency and influence. It was, for example, this view of things, which was expressed in popular language by Mr. Bernard Shaw, in one of the most serious and sincere of his utterances—his address on the "New Theology." Some of it is worth recalling here, for the sake of the perfect antithesis it exhibits to the passage I have quoted from Dante. Theology, Mr. Shaw insists, has always made "the entirely gratuitous assumption that the force behind the universe is omnipotent." We must rather conceive of it

> as a bodiless, impotent force, having no executive power of its own, wanting instruments, something to carry out its will in the world, making all manner of experiments, creating birds, reptiles, animals, trying one thing after another, rising higher and higher in the scale of organism, and finally producing man. . . . Instead of the old notion that creation began with a God, a personal being, who, being perfect, created something lower than Himself, the aim of the New Theology is to turn the process the other way, and to conceive of the force behind the universe as working up through imperfection and mistake to a perfect organized being, having the power of fulfilling its highest purposes. . . . The object of the whole evolutionary process is to realize [*i. e.*, make real] God.

It is substantially the same type of doctrine that Professor James gives us in the concluding chapter of his volume on Pragmatism, in which he sets forth the sort of metaphysics towards which Pragmatism points—"the hypothesis of a world growing, not integrally, but piece-meal, by the contributions of its

*L'Evolution créatrice. Par Henri Bergson. 4me éd. Paris. 1908.

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several parts." And in his latest book, it is as much in a radically evolutionary as in a "pluralistic" universe that he finds the only possible "escape from the paradoxes and perplexities that a consistently thought-out monistic universe suffers from—the mystery of the 'fall,' namely, of reality lapsing into appearance, truth into error, perfection into imperfection; . . . the mystery of universal determinism, of the block-universe eternal and without a history."

III.

But there have been two chapters in the history of the influence of evolutionary ideas in nineteenth-century thought. If the first part of the century was filled with idealistic philosophies, of the romantic type, but only half-hearted in their evolutionism, the second half has been filled with doctrines in cosmology and biology that may appear sufficiently radical in their application of the conception of evolution, but are scarcely of the romantic temper. For these take their evolutionism as part of a mechanistic philosophy of nature; the world is, indeed, treated as involved in a consecutive process of development, but that process is regarded as wholly reducible to a mechanically necessary series of changes of spatial position in the parts of a closed physical system, whose constituent sum of matter and energy is never either increased or diminished. In such a scheme there can, of course, be no element of contingency and real struggle; nor can there be any true evolution, in the sense of an actual augmentation and transformation of the world as a whole. The process could have no more dramatic interest than the shiftings of the relative positions of the pieces in a kaleidoscope

The classic example of this kind of evolutionism—or of an attempt after it—is, of course, the system of Herbert Spencer—in that part of it which deals with "the knowable." The notorious inconsistencies of the result were doubtless inevitable consequences of the nature of the enterprise; for it is hard, if not impossible, to write voluminously about evolution without implying that something is really getting evolved—that there are from time to time emerging new qualities in things, fresh increments of being, new items of content in the universe. However sure the philosopher may profess to be that the whole transaction is nothing but "the continuous *redistribution* of matter and motion," he is not likely to be content to limit his philosophizing to the corresponding programme—that of chronicling, with the help of the laws of motion, the successive migrations of each changeless atom from point to point in the infinite inane. Evolution and mechanism are—though the fact has been but rarely suspected—profoundly uncongenial notions; and Spencer's reading of the universe is therefore full of irrepressible romantic elements that accord ill with the professed first principles of it. With the universe at large Darwin troubled little; but in the specifically biological application of the idea of evolution, he, too—or his followers, more Darwinian than he—reduced development to an essentially mechanical process. Organisms—living, self-reproducing, variable—he took for granted; but their variations were but random fluctuations, such as the mathematical theory of probabilities would require; and the progressive diversification of species and adaptation of functions to needs, in which organic evolution consists, was declared to be but the necessary outcome of the rigid pressure of external physical conditions, by which misfits were automatically crushed out.

Such theories, it is evident, are not truly radical forms of evolutionism; they give little or no recognition to the idea of spontaneous, forward-reaching, cumulative development. Against this arrested evolutionism of mechanistic science there is now taking place a rebellion not less noticeable than that against the arrested evolutionism of absolutistic metaphysics. A singular recrudescence of vitalism has been one of the most conspicuous tendencies of the past decade among German biologists. And neo-vitalism, as Dr. Ludwig Stein has remarked in a recent survey of that movement, "is a sort of romanticism in natural science." With however little warrant in biological knowledge, the popular preachers of radical evolutionism have likewise often rejected with vehemence the Darwinian and Spencerian conceptions of evolution. Mr. Archibald Henderson has lately classified Mr. Shaw, upon that writer's own authority, as "a confirmed neo-Lamarckian," and quotes him as saying that we must "conceive the will as creative energy, as Lamarck did, and totally renounce and abjure Darwinian, Marxian, and all fatalistic, penny-in-the-slot theories of evolution whatever." Nietzsche, long ago, characterized the hypothesis of natural selection—according to which evolution results wholly from the pressure of environmental conditions upon merely plastic organic material—as "the idea of a neurasthenic."

IV.

These historical preliminaries may, perhaps, serve better than an equal amount of direct exposition to make clear the nature and the significance of M. Bergson's philosophy. He is primarily the systematic elaborator of the metaphysics of radical and romantic evolutionism. As such, he unites in a new way several diverse streams of philosophical tendency. He revives something of the philosophy of the German romanticists, and he is, perhaps, not completely innocent of certain of their faults; for in some of his less felicitous ingenuities unsympathetic readers of scientific training may find a resemblance to features of that *a priori* and over-imaginative *Naturphilosophie* by which Schelling and Hegel brought so much scandal upon the entire guild of philosophers. But he is free from their logical formality and artificiality in his manner, as he is of their Absolutes and Eternals in his doctrine. Again, like Hegel he is peculiarly akin to the philosopher of Ephesus among the ancients—he is a sort of modernized Heraclitus; but he is thorough-going in his "flowing philosophy," whereas Hegel was a Heraclitus afraid of the fire. With these affinities to earlier schools, M. Bergson ought also to be regarded as the successor of Spencer in the attempt to give a comprehensive philosophical interpretation and generalization of latter-day evolutionary science, and especially of the results of nineteenth century biology. But he finds that Spencer had no sooner embarked upon this enterprise than he stopped short:

> He had promised to trace a genesis—and forthwith you find him doing something wholly different. His doctrine bears, indeed, the name of evolutionism; it professes to remount and then follow down the course of the becoming of the universe. But in reality it has nothing whatever to say about either becoming or evolution.

As little can M. Bergson accept the biology of Darwin. He is, indeed, too familiar with Lamarck's text to be willing to call himself "a confirmed neo-Lamarckian"—especially since he does not much believe in the inheritance of acquired characters. But he regards neo-Lamarckism, in the form given it by the late Professor Cope, as far nearer the truth than Darwinism; it is, "of all the contemporary forms of evolutionism, the only one which can find any place for an internal and psychological principle of development, even though it does not itself necessarily make use of such a principle."

V.

For M. Bergson, evolution is essentially "creative"; is a *devenir réel*, a process in the course of which there is an actual and absolute coming into being of new items of existence, which not only were not contained in any preceding stage of the process, but were not even, in any intelligible sense, necessary or predestined at any such earlier stage. The reality of which evolution manifests the nature is an expanding life-force, an *élan vital*, an inward urge in things, a *poussée intérieure;* and "the rôle of life is to bring about indeterminateness in the behavior of matter. In proportion as life evolves, the new forms which it engenders are undeterminable, not to be foreseen." This does not mean, of course, that all is caprice

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and disorder; the creative achievement of the life-force is slow and is always obstructed by the inertness and mechanical rigidity of matter. Moreover, as we look backward over its past achievements we see a certain amount of uniformity in life's creations; they exhibit a certain consistency of style. The process moves in a single general direction, and within distinctive limits; but it does move, and always at the growing points of the universe things in some measure unprecedented and unpredictable are coming to the birth.

Not that organic evolution is held by M. Bergson to be rectilinear. The *élan vital* is not like the god of the "Bridgewater Treatises," a clever artificer, seeing its goal from the start and neatly adapting means to ends with undeviating continuity. M. Bergson intends his doctrine to be as remote from the teleology of the natural theologians—evolutionist or pre-evolutionist—as it is from the machine-theory of nature. The life-force at first moves upon its way blindly and fumblingly. To make progress, to express its nature, it must work through a matter that is alien to it and refractory to its purposes. In adapting itself thus to external conditions, it makes many a false start, and enters many a *cul-de-sac*. Even apart from these obstacles, it tends of its own nature to split into divergent lines of evolution; for "life is essentially active force," and it is characteristic of such a force to radiate "sheaf-wise." The lower organisms, therefore, are not to be regarded merely as so many necessary stages in an orderly march of the life-force towards man or a beyond-man. They are in part unfinished side-tracks But upon no line save one—not even in the elaboration of instinct, so admirable in certain of the insects—could life find the free course in which its own meaning, its latent tendency, might be adequately realized. That could be found only through the evolution of intelligence and reflective reason. Inferior to instinct though reason often is in effectiveness and vigor of action, it has two decisive superiorities. It is capable of unlimited expansion; in the rational animal, "for each need that is satisfied there is created a new need; and thus —unlike instinct, which forms for the animal a closed circle of automatic activities—intelligence opens to activity a field of indefinite extent, in which it may push ever farther and farther on." Above all, in rationality the life-impulse attains to self-knowledge. It makes at least partially explicit in the form of conscious purpose the meaning and central drift of what had hitherto been but a blind and often a futile pressure.

Yet rationality itself is a dangerous instrument for that very force which has fabricated it. For it is oddly prone to take itself for something more than an instrument. It is, to change the figure, a child constitutionally incapable of ever quite understanding the parent that begot it. For its idiosyncrasy, as a specific process, is that it must needs endeavor to represent things as discrete and as somehow fixed and crystallized; whereas, the real stuff of experience is continuous and is in perpetual flux. What is worse, reason, as the history of philosophy and that of religion abundantly show, has a perverse inclination to turn against the business and traditions of the house of which it is sprung and from which, in truth, it derives all of its support. The hard-won capital of life is thus turned against the ends of life; in intellectualist philosopher, in ascetic moralist, in other-worldly mystic, the will to live, active even here, is strangely set in activity against itself.

Yet for all these excesses of the intellect, M. Bergson is confident that a true philosophy will provide a corrective; for reason has, after all, the saving grace of being able to recognize its own limitations. So chastened, reason will make, even in the philosophic activity itself, for the service and the intensification of life, not for detachment from life nor for superciliousness towards any of life's manifestations:

> More modest is the philosophy which we propose: modest, and yet it alone is capable of being carried through to completion. The human intellect, as we conceive it, is not at all such a thing as Plato represents in the allegory of the cave. It is as little its function to gaze idly upon shadows as they pass as it is, turning backward, to lose itself in contemplation of the celestial splendor. It has other work to do. Yoked, like oxen, to a heavy task, we feel the play of our muscles, the weight of the plough, the resistance of the soil. To act and to know that we act, to enter into contact with reality—indeed, to *live* reality, yet only in the measure in which it is involved in the work that is in process of accomplishment, the furrow that is being drawn; such is the function of man's intellect. . . . Philosophy can be but an effort to immerse oneself afresh in the universal life. The intellect, coming into touch again with the source from which it sprang, will, as it were, live over again in reverse order its own genesis. But the enterprise is not one to be achieved at a stroke; it will necessarily be collective and progressive. It will consist in an exchange of insights which, correcting and supplementing one another, will enlarge this human nature of ours, and in the end enable it to transcend itself. . . . Such a philosophy, which seeks to absorb intelligence again into intuition, does more than simplify speculation. It also gives greater energy for action and for life. For with it we no longer feel ourselves isolated in humanity, and humanity itself no longer seems to us isolated in the nature over which it rules. As the smallest grain of dust is one with our whole solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which constitutes materiality, so all organic beings, from the humblest to the highest, . . . in all places as in all times, do but make manifest a single impulsion, contrary in its movement to that of matter, and, in itself, indivisible. . . . The animal supports itself upon the plant, man goes astride of the animal, and all humanity, scattered through space and through time, is one immense army galloping beside and behind and in front of each of us, drawing us on in a sweeping charge that can beat down every resistance and override many an obstacle, perhaps even death itself ("L'Évolution créatrice," *pp. 209 and 293-4*).

VI.

Not every designer of a *Weltanschauung* can be called, in the more exacting sense of the word, a philosopher. And it is, perhaps, by this time apparent to the judicious reader that M. Bergson has gifts of imagination and of style that are perilous possessions for one who would practise the austerities of philosophic thinking. He has, in particular, a remarkable fertility and felicity in metaphor and analogy, in concrete and pictorial ways of expressing or illustrating abstract ideas; and this talent betrays him more than once, and occasionally at somewhat critical transitions in his argument, into letting a simile do duty for a syllogism. Thus, the reasoning of a passage which I have already summarized would, if writ large, apparently work out into something like this: The *élan vital* is somewhat similar to an acting force in dynamics—though in essence very different; the lines in the field of force of certain bodies (namely, of magnetic, bipolar bodies) have, when plotted, a radiating or sheaf-like shape; *ergo*, life necessarily evolves from a single focus upon divergent lines. The logic here is scarcely of irresistible cogency. Nor is M. Bergson at all constantly mindful of one part of his doctrine when expounding another. For example, he is a believer in the biological hypothesis of orthogenesis, which asserts that organisms vary from generation to generation along determinate and restricted lines. But this means that the transmission of life takes place precisely as the action of force does not; for the latter, apart from the action of antagonistic forces, spreads out equally and evenly in all directions. Again, our metaphysician has an incorrigibly dramatic imagination; the tendency to personify and hypostatize is strong in him. Consequently, though the life-force below the stage of rational consciousness is nominally defined as blind, as innocent of foresight and design, in point of fact the whole evolutionary process is portrayed as a sort of contest of wits between Life, as hero, and Matter, as villain; we find Life figuring as a veritable Odysseus of many wiles, putting up clever tricks upon his duller adversary, achieving an end by indirection where a frontal attack has failed, building up complex and delicate instruments to serve his ulterior purposes, and in general behaving with singular ingenuity and foresight. M. Bergson's promise to

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refrain from using the conception of "design" is very imperfectly fulfilled. It results from such traits that he leaves many matters deeply obscure, and the more obscure the more closely his account of them is scrutinized. Most elusive of all is just this central duality of life and matter; their supposed relations, and their status with respect to the old controversies of realist and idealist, are never, I think, made wholly intelligible.

It ought, finally, to be said, with all the more emphasis because of these lapses from the rigor of the game—that M. Bergson has made at least one exceedingly important contribution to philosophy in the strictest sense. He has presented what is to the philosopher more precious than the most imposing of conclusions; namely, a decisive premise from which significant conclusions can be drawn. He has, in a word, struck out a distinctive, and trenchant piece of dialectic. It is hardly the sort of thing that can be made either comprehensible or interesting to the untechnical reader in a paragraph; yet, in essence, it amounts to so simple a thing as the discovery of what is implied by the fact that we undeniably experience temporal duration. The genuinely temporal has usually fared ill at the hands of metaphysics, and even of science. But through M. Bergson, it promises to come into its own—almost for the first time since Heraclitus. For the author of "L'Évolution créatrice" has, I think, put philosophers upon the way to a proof that our time-consciousness is incapable of inclusion within the being of any immutable Eternal, and is even incompatible with the assumption of the existence of such an entity; and that it is, in the last analysis, not less incompatible with the supposition that the world as a whole is a static system, constant in its total content and its ultimate qualities, such as mechanistic science has for certain purposes found it advantageous to postulate. M. Bergson has thus furnished at least the beginning of a demonstration that the nature of the universe is best understood in terms of process, of development, of the literal coming into being of new increments of reality; so that it may never be fully and intimately apprehended save through the inner experiences of life itself, through conscious participation in the travail of creation. The metaphysician of radical evolutionism has, in short, over-loaded that doctrine (in view of its youth) with questionable detail and with romantic embellishments; but he has also fashioned and put into its hands potent weapons of persuasion. Than its entrance upon the field as a well-armed and militant philosophy, there have been not many more memorable occurrences in the history of ideas.

A. O. Lovejoy.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Robert Hoe, who died in London on September 22, was perhaps the greatest of American book-collectors, and the library he formed, while not so complete in certain lines as the collections formed by James Lenox or John Carter Brown, well deserves to be classed with the libraries of those two early collectors.

Seventy years of age at his death, Mr. Hoe had been a book-collector for more than fifty years. It was he who gave encouragement to D. G. Francis to reprint Collier's "Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," in four volumes, 1866, and in 1880 he edited a new edition of Maberly's "Print Collector." Reproductions of nearly two hundred "Historic and Artistic Book-Bindings" in his library, forming two volumes, 4to, were published in 1895. With William Loring Andrews, Theodore L. De Vinne, Brayton Ives, and a few others he founded the Grolier Club in January, 1884, and he was its first persident.

Mr. Hoe was for many years a liberal bidder at most of the important book sales in America and abroad. In the early days he and Mr. Andrews would send their bids for London auctions together. When the books were received they would draw lots as to who should have the first choice.

The various Catalogues of his printed books have been noted from time to time in these columns as they appeared. The first portion, English books issued before 1700, 5 vols., was published in 1903-1905, describing 2,875 titles. In 1905 appeared also the Catalogue of English books after 1700, 3 vols., describing 4,118 titles. Then, in 1907, the Catalogue of books in foreign languages issued before 1600, with 1,346 titles; in 1908 the Catalogue of his Emblem books, 463 titles; and this year, the Catalogue of books in foreign languages after 1600, 4 vols., describing 5,228 titles. In all, the fifteen volumes contain descriptions of 14,030 titles, forming 20,962 volumes.

He was preparing a Catalogue of his illuminated manuscripts, and just before he sailed, he was considering whether to issue it uniform in style with the catalogues of printed books, or to adopt a larger page, so as to allow for adequate reproductions. These manuscripts were his choicest treasures, and were kept by themselves in a room opening off from his bedchamber. For number and variety they can be compared with no other collection in this country, save only that of J. Pierpont Morgan. The most valuable single manuscript in the Hoe collection is, probably, the Pembroke Missal, acquired in 1891 from the Brayton Ives Library. This Book of Hours was written, probably about 1440, for William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, and contains 267 miniatures, besides decorated borders and a vast number of ornamental initials. The Charles VII Missal, from the Didot Sale, afterwards in the Abby E. Pope collection, is another celebrated manuscript, and was acquired by Mr. Hoe in 1895.

An account of the Hoe Library, prepared about fifteen years ago by O. A. Bierstadt, makes a volume of 224 pages, with 110 illustrations. But many important works have since been added, notably two copies of the Gutenberg Bible, one on paper and one on vellum, which must have cost Mr. Hoe upwards of $35,000. These are the copies which were formerly in the library of Frederick Perkins, the brewer, and which, in his sale in 1873, brought £2,690 for the paper copy and £3,400 for the vellum copy. Both were bought by the Earl of Ashburnham, who parted with the paper copy privately. At the sale of his library in 1897 the vellum copy was bought by Quaritch for £4,000.

While the Almon W. Griswold and Charles H. Kalbfleisch collections were dispersing piecemeal through various channels, Mr. Hoe was fortunate enough to secure a number of valuable books. From the Griswold collection he got the Charlemont copy of the first edition of Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Caxton in 1482, undoubtedly the finest copy known; Lydgate's "Siege of Troy," printed by Pynson in 1513; Ben Jonson's Works on large paper, and others. Among many books from the Kalbfleisch library, mainly Americana, we may note the original Italian edition of Vespuccius's account of his four Voyages, printed, probably at Florence, in 1505 or 1506, one of five known copies and the only one in America; three Latin editions of Columbus's first letter, all printed in 1493, and many later books, including a copy of the "Declaration of Former Passages and Proceedings betwixt the English and the Narrowgansets," four leaves, printed by Steven Daye in Cambridge in New England in 1645.

From the Pope collection, besides the Charles VII Missal, he secured two of his finest Caxtons, Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" (1485), the only perfect copy known, and Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (1483), as well as several Shakespeare quartos and many other books.

Mr. Hoe was always fond of fine bindings, and many historic specimens are in his library. About ten years ago, he, with a few other members of the Grolier Club, organized the Club Bindery. He was its principal support during its existence, and much of its finest work was done upon his books.

Mr. Hoe often said that, as he had enjoyed so much the bringing together of the books, he wished them to give a similar pleasure to other collectors in future, and that he expected the library to be ultimately dispersed at auction. Nothing is known, as yet, as to his final instructions about its disposition. If sold at auction it would form the most wonderful series of sales that has ever taken place.

* * *

The book-auction season of 1909-1910 has already begun in Boston, Libbie & Co. having had sales on September 14 and 15, 22 and 23, and 29 and 30. On October 6, 7, and 8 they sell the libraries of the Rev. T. M. Harris and T. W. Harris, including interesting American items, manuscript and printed.

The season in New York begins on October 5, both houses holding sales on that day. The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company's first sale, October 5, 6, and 7, is a miscellaneous collection of Americana, without items of especial note.

On October 5 and 6 the Anderson Auction Company will sell the library of Dr. F. C. Robinson and other properties; on October 7 and 8 a notable collection of first editions of American authors, among others T. B. Aldrich, W. C. Bryant, H. C. Bunner,

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Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, and Whittier; and on October 12, a miscellaneous collection. On October 13 and 14 they sell the collection of the late George Matthews.

The season in Philadelphia begins with the sale by Stan V. Henkels on October 11 and 12 of the library of the late Charles Emory Smith and the unsold portion of the library of W. J. Gilbert of St. Louis.

Correspondence.

DR. S. G. HOWE AND JOHN BROWN'S RAID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of the second volume of Dr. S. G. Howe's "Letters and Journals," in your last issue, rightly dwells upon his admirable qualities, his wise philanthropy, and his many services to humanity. But in the matter of Dr. Howe's relation to John Brown the reviewer has not set down the whole story of what happened when, after the Harper's Ferry raid, Dr. Howe represented that he had really had very little to do with John Brown and his plans.

Dr. Howe wrote to Sumner, as your reviewer noted, that it was agreed that all of of John Brown's fellow-conspirators "who were really able to do so should deny all knowledge of the Harper's Ferry plot. *Being in that category*, I published a card which you may have seen in the papers." In this card Dr. Howe said among other things:

Boston, Nov. 14, 1859.

Rumor has mingled my name with the events at Harper's Ferry. So long as it rested on such absurdities as letters written *to* me by Col. Forbes, or others, it was too idle for notice. But when complicity is distinctly charged against me by one of the parties engaged (John E. Cook), my friends beseech me to define my position and I consent the less reluctantly, because I divest myself of what, in time, might be considered an honor, and I want no undeserved ones. As regards Mr. Cook . . . I never saw him . . . never even heard of him until since the outbreak at Harper's Ferry. That event was unforeseen and unexpected of me, nor does all my previous knowledge of John Brown enable me to reconcile it with his characteristic prudence and his reluctance to shed blood, or excite servile insurrection.

How a man, at other times honorable, could have penned this card remains a mystery. Dr. Howe was always cognizant of John Brown's plans, from 1858 on, save only of the exact location of the attack. On February 26, 1858, Mr. Sanborn (see his "Life and Letters of John Brown," pp. 438 and 447) told Dr. Howe everything except that Harper's Ferry was to be the scene. When the raid was postponed from 1858 to 1859 because of threatened treachery, Dr. Howe supported Thomas Wentworth Higginson in urging disregard of all obstacles and an immediate attack, but was finally overruled. In a letter to the *Evening Post* of March 15, 1878, Mr. Sanborn stated that after the postponement he and his fellow-conspirators expected that John Brown would go further west than Harper's Ferry, and added: "In this respect, and in this alone, so far as I know, he changed his plans of 1858, which had been fully explained to Smith, Howe, and Stearns."

But there is another witness than Sanborn—also still living—and an even more damaging one. On seeing Dr Howe's card in print, Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote to Dr. Howe the following letter (now in the Boston Public Library, and here published for the first time):

Worcester, November 15, 1859.

Dear Sir: I write to you under a sadness very rare for me. Soon after the affair at Harper's Ferry I said to you & Phillips & Sanborn—in allusion to some rumors about you in the papers—that I thought it would be the extreme of baseness in us to deny complicity with Capt. Brown's general scheme—while we were not, of course, called upon to say anything to *criminate* ourselves. I well remember how entirely you disclaimed such intention, & said that we ought to make no statements whatever.

What am I, that I should judge you? But Gerrit Smith's insanity—& your letter—are to me the only two sad results of the whole affair.

I know how skilfully that letter is written. Since language was first invented "to conceal thought" there has been no more skilful combination of words. But the universal interpretation of all intelligent readers, not previously enlightened, *must* be—that you disclaim all knowledge not merely of the precise time & place & opening of John Brown's great drama—but of *the enterprise itself*. That you should deliberately go out of your way to cause this impression to be created is the realization of my worst fears as expressed at your rooms on the day referred to. Would to God, my friend, that I could see the case differently now from what I did then. Do not receive this in anger—it is not written so.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Dr. S. G. Howe.

This letter, though written, was never sent; but a shorter one of the same import reached Dr. Howe, while to Mr. Sanborn Col. Higginson again declared that Dr. Howe's card was "the extreme of baseness." Mr. Sanborn was not of this opinion, writing: "I don't see why it is any worse to conceal the facts *now* than before the outbreak, *provided* that Brown and his men do not suffer by such concealment. What has been prudence is prudence still and may be for years to come." Dr. Howe's reply to Higginson is dated two months later, February 16th, 1860. It is a pitiful attempt to defend his course. As to the card he says: " . . I was not very decided in the belief of its expediency. It was done, however, in consequence of an opinion which I held; and hold, that everything which could be honestly done to show that John Brown was not the agent, or even the ally, of others, but an individual acting upon his own responsibility, would increase the chances of escape for him and his companions . . . Of course there were other considerations, but this was the leading one."

He maintains that he had supposed the original plan abandoned, and explains that his sending fifty dollars to Brown shortly before the raid referred "to the promise I had made the year before. It is true that I ought to have expected an explosion and onslaught somewhere; but the fact is that I did not expect anything like what happened, or anything more than a stampede." This was from a member of the small committee to which John Brown owed every arm he carried to Virginia and the money with which he recruited and subsisted his men. Dr. Howe himself contributed not merely $50, but $150. As to the third fifty dollars, he deliberately tried to mislead the Mason Committee of the Senate, as his testimony shows.

Dr. Howe was not the only one who flinched when the exposé took place. His is an unhappy illustration of the fact that the best of men may make grave moral mistakes in great crises, when for a moment their lives and their future appear at stake.

V.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., September 24.

SCIENTIFIC HYPOTHESIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* of September 2, containing certain questions of mine, which were inspired by an editorial on "Scientific Speculations" in the issue of August 19, together with answers thereto by Prof. Louis T. More, was a week late in coming to my hand. As I am not quite sure that I or other readers of the *Nation* fully understand his replies, I wish to ask Professor More, through the columns of your paper, two further questions:

(1.) When he says, "Few things in human thought have been more misleading and more futile than the discussions of the properties of æther and ætherial waves," what disposition does he make of Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light, Hertzian waves, and wireless telegraphy?

(2.) When he says, "One thing physics has taught, that we can never put the 'shapes of ions' to the test of direct experimentation," does he intend to deny that speculations on subjects closely akin to the shapes of ions have, within the last few years, led to conclusions capable of being tested by means of laboratory experiments? EDWIN H. HALL.

Cambridge, Mass., September 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Hall's questions are judiciously chosen and well adapted to make my position clearer.

(1.) Maxwell's electro-magnetic theory of light was based on the assumptions that periodic variation in the electrical charge on matter can be transmitted as a periodic disturbance through an æther, and that this disturbance proceeded with the velocity of light. His theory of light derived from these assumptions was expressed by a set of mathematical equations. No assumptions were made as to the mechanical properties of an æther capable of transmitting such a form of energy or the mechanism by which the particles of luminous matter excited such a disturbance. Hertz and his successors, by devising suitable apparatus, proved that these fundamental assumptions of Maxwell were facts and, to me, at least, these are all that are necessary—the simple and verifiable assumptions and the mathematical laws of Maxwell—to predict and direct all the recent experimental and theoretical advances made in Hertzian waves and wireless telegraphy. That is, the mechanical models which have been imagined for the purpose of illustrating the properties of these waves and of the æther have followed the discovery of the phenomena and have not led to their discovery. If we study, for example, the laws of light in transparent bodies it is, of course, necessary to make certain assumptions, but these should be as simple as possible and verifiable by experiment. This method Maxwell adopts in the case of transparent crystals, when he says:

If we attempt to extend our theory to the case of dense media, we become involved not only in all the ordinary difficulties of mole-

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cular theories, but in the deeper mystery of the relation of the molecules to the electromagnetic medium. To evade these difficulties we shall assume that in certain media the specific capacity of electrostatic induction is different in different directions.

This assumption is a question of fact to be decided by experiment and is legitimate and useful. But if Maxwell had further attempted to explain this assumption by imagining certain mechanical devices by which the crystal modified the physical nature of an æther, he would have made a statement unverifiable by experiment and incapable of directing future experiments.

(2.) I can recall no case where a discussion of the shapes of ions has led to the test of direct experimentation. The main results of these discussions, so far as I can see, are the metaphysical doctrines of the existence of electricity as an entity independent of matter and the postulate that mass and matter itself are merely properties of this substance, electricity. Those who think it advisable to assign a shape and size to the ion, in order to render concrete what would otherwise be an abstract idea, are now driven to substitute for matter (our prototype of the concrete) the highly abstract quality, electricity. This they do by assigning the properties hitherto associated with the word *matter* to the word *electricity*.

LOUIS T. MORE.

Cincinnati, O., September 21.

[The *Nation* cannot continue this discussion further.—ED. THE NATION.]

WEIMAR POETRY ON THE HUDSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sum total of foreign literature about the Hudson River prior to 1840 is probably not very great; least of all would one look to Weimar for meditation on the noble stream. In 1830, however, Frau von Goethe and a number of her friends sought diversion in an amateur publication, designed originally to appear in manuscript, but given to the local printer when it became evident that the many contributors would overtax the *Hofschönschreiber*. There were to be aphorisms, sonnets, stories, and correspondence; and members of the court, together with French and English ladies and gentlemen tarrying at the modest capital, were to supply the copy. This polyglot journal, published every Sunday, was called *Chaos*, and it was agreed never to divulge the writers' names. The circulation of this little quarto was so carefully restricted to actual contributors that copies are to-day very rare and valuable.

The thirty-sixth issue of *Chaos* contains a poem in French entitled, "L'Hudson." It is a composition of twenty or more stanzas, and opens as follows:

L'HUDSON.

Mon pied impatient avait touché la plage;
La brise du matin ridait le flot d'azur;
Le *Steamboat* enfumé s'éloignait du rivage,
Noblement couronné de son panache obscur.

Les golphes de *l'Hudson*, emaillés de cent voiles,
Devant moi de *Catskill* baignait le pied riant;
Sur les faîtes brisés mouraient quelques étoiles;
Et l'aigle de ses bois volait vers l'Orient.

Sur ce tableau, semblable à la gaze légère,
Une molle vapeur voilait le nouveau jour;
Et l'Indien, savourant la suave atmosphère,
De son Eté natal saluait le retour.*

. . .

Du sol Américain, fleure suave et brillante,
De tes parfums d'amour que j'aime à m'enivrer,
Voyageur, sur ce bord jeté par la tourmente,
Pour moi le vent d'espoir semble ici se lever.

. . .

Là sur le bord boisé d'une immense savane,
Dont un ciel toujours pur éclaire le gazon,
Les mains de son amant bâtiraient sa cabane
Aux rives d'un grand lac, ou d'un fleuve sans nom.

It was, of course, in Goethe's lifetime that these verses made their appearance; and one is at once reminded of the several occasions on which the great prophet turned his gaze toward America—or conceived the plan of eloping thither. One remembers particularly his chat with Sorel, when he told him of the ruse he had adopted to rid himself of a boresome Russian. One of his visitors had sat and gazed at him without saying a word; and Goethe, taking for his text the United States of North America, quoting, perhaps, these very lines, and little heeding the nice distinctions between *Wahrheit* and *Dichtung*, or, as he himself says, between what he knew and what he really didn't know about the Americans, talked his gaping guest still dumber. PERRY WORDEN.

Berlin, September 15.

*L'Eté Indien. On nomme ainsi quelques jours chauds et vaporeux qui en Amérique marquent d'ordinaire le milieu de l'automne.

ANOTHER WORD CONCERNING PROFESSOR SHALER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The admirable tribute to Professor Shaler in the *Nation* for September 9 is so suggestive of the man that the writer of this note cannot refrain from adding a few recollections of that most notable personality.

Perhaps the most striking thing about him, after his unexcelled warmth of heart and capacity for making people free of his time and thought and interest, was his surprising industry. On one of the earliest occasions when I was thrown into contact with him and obliged to ask for considerable portions of his time, I remember having asked if he were not over-busy. "No," he replied, "I have a good many things to do, and a score of years ago I had nervous prostration. I went to Germany and tried all kinds of cures for it, but they did no good; so I came home and ever since I've been trying to work it off."

Asking advice from Shaler was a very different thing from seeking it from ordinary sources. On one occasion—apropos of something now quite forgotten—he told the story of his being asked by a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School how he might best fit himself for the work of his chosen calling. The freshly graduated theological student did not feel sure that he knew as much about men as he did about divinity. After a moment's thought, the professor said (in substance): "Go to Colorado, get down into a drift, and dig for two years with the miners; possibly you'll know more about men than you do now." And so the young man did, with the result that he came back at the end of the period suggested to thank his adviser for the good he had derived from following out this most unconventional sort of *Wanderjahre*.

It is quite impossible to convey to any one who never enjoyed the privilege of intimate talks with Shaler an adequate idea of the extraordinary range and vivacity of his conversation. In a single hour he would discuss topics as diverse as national politics, the seeds of fossil *Coniferæ*, and the question whether there might not be some ethnological considerations bearing on mathematical studies, as, for instance, that algebra was not only genetically, but essentially a science for oriental minds. As a story-teller he was unapproachable, and some little incident that in the mouth of the ordinary man would hardly compel the attention of the most courteous listener, would, when told by Shaler, loom up with startling vividness. I well remember how he once told me of an adventure with some tufa quarrymen on the west slope of the Posillipo ridge, very near Naples. Nothing startling happened; the rough quarrymen merely crowded tumultuously about the stranger and the cabman who had brought him marvelled that they had not robbed him. But the story was told with such spirit that one could see the faces of the rough fellows standing out with all the vigor of Salvatore Rosa's well-known Heads of Brigands.

Every one at all familiar with the opinion in academic circles in Cambridge knows that it has for years been much the fashion to speak of Professor Shaler's work in a patronizing, or less than patronizing, manner. And it may be readily granted that, whether from different original endowment or from lack of time in the midst of most engrossing cares of many kinds, he did not attempt the work of a Dana, a Geikie, or a Chamberlain. But in these days of all-absorbing specialization it is often the hardest task of any to find a rounded, big-brained man who can call out and foster in his students all of their potential best. This is just what Shaler did as hardly any man of his generation in all New England could do it. JOSEPH Y. BERGEN.

Cambridge, Mass., September 18.

SCIENCE AND THE LOVE OF NATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of the letter entitled, "Nature and Science" (the *Nation*, September 9) thinks it "singular that the love of natural scenery should be almost coeval with the age of modern science." His reasons are the expressions of terror and disgust he finds in the writings of early travellers and settlers on the Atlantic seaboard, and a corresponding attitude toward nature among English writers. But might not Jefferson's epithet "terrible," which he applied to "the romantic pass of Harper's Ferry," indicate appreciation of the grandeur of this scenery, and likewise Josselyn's characterization of the White Mountains as "daunting terrible"? And when the English guide book to the Lake Country, in 1774, speaks of "the most horrid romantic mountains," is this not a description of the "bristling" forests? It is certain that Henry Hudson was charmed with the scenery along the banks of his river, of which he wrote that "it was as fair a land as can be trodden by the foot of man." Alexander von Humboldt ("Cosmos," II, p. 66, in Otté's translation) tells of the "depth of feeling for nature" with which Columbus was endowed and quotes the following:

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Once I came to a deeply inclosed harbor, and saw a high mountain that had never been seen by any mortal eye, and from whence gentle waters (lindas aguas) flowed down. The mountain was covered with firs and variously-formed trees adorned with beautiful blossoms. . . . I felt as if I could never leave so charming a spot.

One might be inclined to ascribe to Columbus the spirit of "modern science;" but this is out of the question in the case of a writer who lived in the fourth century A. D. Basil the Great wrote the following description of some Asia Minor scenery in a letter to his friend Gregory Nazianzen:

God has suffered me to find a place, such as has often flitted before our imaginations . . . A high mountain, clothed with thick woods, is watered to the north by fresh and ever-flowing streams. At its foot lies an extended plain, rendered fruitful by the vapors, with which it is moistened. The surrounding forest, crowded with trees of different kinds, incloses me as in a strong fortress. This wilderness is bounded by two deep ravines; on the one side, the river, rushing in foam down the mountain, forms an almost impassable barrier, while on the other all access is impeded by a broad mountain ridge. My hut is so situated on the summit of the mountain that I can overlook the whole plain, and follow throughout its course the Iris, which is more beautiful, and has a more abundant body of water, than the Strymon near Amphipolis. The river of my wilderness, which is more impetuous than any other that I know of, breaks against the jutting rock, and throws itself foaming into the abyss below: an object of admiration to the mountain wanderer.

Humboldt remarks on this passage ("Cosmos," II, p. 41) that it expresses feelings "more intimately in unison with those of modern times than anything that has been transmitted to us from Greek or Roman antiquity"; at the same time, he has shown that the classical literatures also manifest a deep love of nature's beauty. It is certainly wrong to regard "the old Virgilian conception of 'shaggy,' 'bristling,' and 'horrid' woods, and crags, and mountains" as representing the ancient attitude towards nature, and to place this in sharp contrast with modern feeling. No single writer can represent the whole of ancient literature, nor can love of natural scenery be denied to Virgil himself. His description, for example, of Æneas's boat, on its passage up the Tiber ("Æneid," vii), rounding the bends of the river, gliding under overhanging trees, and cleaving the green forest reflected beneath, is in the most romantic vein. No doubt there has been a change in the sentimental attitude toward nature, yet this has been determined by a variety of causes besides modern science. Humboldt has shown this in his widely extended study of the reflection of nature in the feelings of mankind. The 104th psalm, according to him, might almost be said to represent "the image of the whole Cosmos."

HERMAN LOUIS EBELING.

Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., September 22.

FURLONG AND ACRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of the letter in the *Nation* of September 16 on "Square Measure," who asks for an explanation of the peculiar size of the acre, may be interested in the following extract from page 3 of W. H. R. Curtler's "Short History of English Agriculture" (Clarendon Press, 1909):

The size of the strips in the arable fields [in Anglo-Saxon times] varied, but was generally an acre, in most places a furlong (furrow long) or 220 yards in length, and 22 yards broad; or, in other words, 40 rods of 5½ yards in length and 4 in breadth. There was, however, little uniformity in measurement before the Norman Conquest, the rod by which the furlongs and acres were measured varying in length from 12 to 24 feet, so that one acre might be four times as large as another. [Maitland, "Domesday Book and Beyond," p. 368.] The acre was, roughly speaking, the amount that a team could plough in a day, and seems to have been from earliest times the unit of measuring the area of land. Of necessity the real acre and the ideal acre were also different, for the reason that the former had to contend with the inequalities of the earth's surface and varied much when no scientific measurement was possible. As late as 1820 the acre was in Bedfordshire 2 roods, in Dorset 134 perches instead of 160, in Lincolnshire 5 roods, in Staffordshire 2¼ acres. To-day the Cheshire acre is 10,240 square yards. As, however, an acre was and is a day's ploughing for a team, we may assume that the most usual acre was the same area then as now. The strips were divided from one another by narrow grass paths generally called "balks," and at the end of a group of these strips was the "headland" where the plough turned, the name being common to-day.

Z. CHAFEE, JR.

Providence, R. I., September 17.

PERSONALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Another object lesson in the power of personality, strong enough, seemingly, to reach the most obdurate. We may assume for the purpose of present argument that the claims are correctly given on both sides. Commander Peary will receive honors and compliments, but with a well-equipped and manned expedition he must share the glory with his officers and men, and behind them the government, of which he is an officer on leave. It is largely official.

What was needed to give the greatest fruition and effect was, that one man with inadequate resources, and relying only on his own courage and convictions, should go straight to the desired point and, having secured his evidence, return through manifold and almost certain chances of death by starvation, averted only by what the Israelites called manna in the wilderness. Has there been anything in history, with the possible exception of the first Crusades, to equal the frenzied outbursts of enthusiasm which greeted the return of Dr. Cook? There may not be much exaggeration in saying that by drawing and knitting together human sympathy and admiration it has done more than any impersonal peace conference, under the auspices of Imperial potentates, to mitigate the miserable calamities of international war.

Will our people ever learn the lesson, before it is too late, that they will have to submit to this force of personality at the bidding of democracy whether they like it or not, and that their only chance of salvation is to make it work for good and not for evil? In their dread and distrust of universal suffrage, the educated and conservative classes try to deceive and defeat it by all sorts of devices, committees, and commissions, long terms of office, renewal by fractions, direct nominations, recall and referendum, proportional representation, and so on; forgetting that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and no stream can rise higher than its source. All these expedients go to pieces on the same rock, the effort to suppress personality, which will not be suppressed, but if it gains strength by delay and opposition will burst out in volcanic and devastating violence.

The only way to meet this is to cultivate personality instead of trying to suppress it; to concentrate power and offset it by public responsibility. The recent Democratic convention at Saratoga issued a platform of fifteen articles, describing certain things necessary to do, but without a suggestion as to how or by whom they are to be done—except by "the party" in general terms. They leave that to the Republicans, and the extra session of five months shows to what degree of success they have attained. There were men at Saratoga who could testify from their own experience that great things are not done in this world in that way.

G. BRADFORD.

Boston, September 23.

RAILWAY STATIONS VERSUS ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with your recent article on "Art and Railway Stations" (September 16), it may be of interest to recall a passage in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Essay on George Frederick Watts." On page 52 we read as follows:

He [Watts] ought to be employed to paint factory chimneys and railway stations. I know that this will sound like insolence; my only answer is that he . . . actually offered to paint a railway station. With a splendid and truly religious imagination, he asked permission to decorate Euston. The railway managers (not perceiving in their dull classical routine the wild poetry of their station) declined.

But we must remember that this happened "a few years ago" in England, and *not* in romantic America.

G. C. SCOGGIN.

University of Missouri, Columbia, September 25.

Literature.

THE FOUNDER OF GERMANTOWN.

The Life of Francis Daniel Pastorius, the Founder of Germantown. Illustrated with 90 photographic reproductions. By Marion Dexter Learned, Ph.D., L.H.D., Professor of German in the University of Pennsylvania. With an Appreciation of Pastorius by Samuel Whitaker Pennypacker, LL.D., former Governor of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: William J. Campbell. $5 net.

It was reported by cablegram that the German Emperor had accepted a presentation copy of Professor Learned's "Life of Pastorius," in which he had shown especial interest. This interest is not to be wondered at; for the book, in a considerable part of its contents, traverses the German Fatherland at an important period of its history. As the author indicates in his preface, this is, in truth, as it was designed to be, "a *documentary* life of Pastorius." It brings the reader in touch with the original sources of his life history as uncovered from the archives of Europe and America, and especially of Germany. Undoubtedly this feature adds to the historic value of the work, but

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makes it rather difficult reading to the average English reader, who has not a facile command of Latin and German. Apart from this, the author's style is clear, and at times even animated. In parts of his work it flows on with fewer "documentary" interruptions. As a valuable contribution to the original sources of the biography of one of the most important characters in the settlement of the American colonies, Professor Learned's "Life of Pastorius" takes a peculiar place, and deserves high praise.

Pastorius was born in Sommerhausen, Franconia, September 26, 1651, three years after the close of the Thirty Years' War, of a distinguished German family, whose history "reflects the vicissitudes of the fierce religious strife of the times of Gustavus Adolphus, Tilly, and Wallenstein." Thus, by birth and home breeding, and those intangible but potent influences that local and historic environments so often exert, he was moulded for useful leadership. An academic course in the Gymnasium of the ancient imperial city of Windsheim was followed by a period at the University of Altdorf. Thence, after the fashion of the day, he attended lectures in the Universities of Strassburg, Jena, and Basle, devoting himself especially to the study of jurisprudence. He returned to Altdorf, where he took his diploma, and soon after set up as a practising lawyer in Windsheim. By this training he acquired not only knowledge of his chosen profession, but became a good classical scholar, and mastered French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and English. The colonies had no abler scholar than him, nor any of wider culture when at last he landed in Philadelphia. He was then thirty-two years old, in the very prime of his young manhood.

The purpose of his emigration was twofold: He wished to find for himself and his descendants a refuge from the prevailing worldly "vanities" and engrossing pursuit of pleasures that possessed the gentry of his native land and of Europe. His pietist and quietist tendencies were here in the ascendant. But he was also impelled by a strong "missionary" sentiment, as we should perhaps now express it. This appears from his own testimony (Life, p. 104):

> I reasoned thus with myself, whether it were not better to teach the learning which I had received by Grace from the highest Giver and Father of Lights to the new-found American peoples of Pennsylvania, and thus make them partakers of the true knowledge of the Holy Trinity and true Christianity.

In his quietistic tendencies, Pastorius was doubtless much influenced by contact with his friend, the Rev. Dr. Horb, and through him with Dr. Spener and his group of Frankfurt pietists. But Prof. Learned concludes that his views were the "result of long years of quest for the truth"; and that he was not so much a product of mature pietism as, "like Spener himself, an exponent of the great religious awakening of the second half of the seventeenth century, the mature fruit of the labors of Tauler, Luther, and Arnd." However that may be, it was undoubtedly a visit of Wm. Penn and his Quaker companions to Frankfurt (1677) that turned the mind of Pastorius toward colonization in the New World. He accepted the agency of a German land company that had purchased 25,000 acres from Wm. Penn in his new colony, and after a voyage of great hardships arrived in Philadelphia with a small miscellaneous company of adventurers, August 20, 1683. He at once began his labors for the Frankfurt principals, and found it anything but plain sailing. Penn's understanding of the terms of sale was not satisfactory, although that was finally adjusted. But more serious complications of a legal character tended to increase his ill opinion of the law as a profession, which he declared to be a game at another's expense ("Ein *lusus de alieno corio*"). It is to be hoped that the traditional, proverbial reputation of the "Philadelphia lawyer" for astuteness was not earned by such sharp practices as Pastorius was called upon to encounter, and which greatly shocked his high ideal of professional propriety (see p. 225).

The work of founding Germantown—now a large and semi-rural residential part of Philadelphia,—and of looking after the interests of his German clients, occupied much of his time. But he soon entered upon that particular phase of his "mission" which had moved him to come to America. He established a school, largely under the patronage of the Society of Friends, with whom he continued in close association during all his life. His work as schoolmaster held on almost to the end of his career. It was this intimacy with the Philadelphia Quakers that appears to have moved him to make to them the famous "protest against slavery" sent to the Friends' Meeting of 1688. This, though signed by three other persons besides himself, is in his handwriting and bears internal evidence of his authorship. It was not received with enthusiasm, but with respect, and was referred first to Monthly, and then to Quarterly, and then to Yearly Meeting. It was a subject that Friends were not quite prepared to "meddle with," or to "give a Positive Judgment in the Case, it having so General a Relation to many other Parts, and therefore at present they forbear it." Yet this was the beginning of the great agitation that convulsed the Continent and issued nearly two centuries later in Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. Pastorius and his German associates were in advance even of the Friends in their hostility to negro slavery; but their "Protest" in the little Quaker meeting house soon became the real voice of their Society. One sees how Whittier, "the Quaker poet," during his residence in Philadelphia, received the impulse that led to his idyl on Pastorius—"The Pennsylvania Pilgrim."

A striking peculiarity of this interesting character, which Professor Learned fully exhibits, is his composition of manuscript books. One of these, "The Bee Hive," composed (ostensibly) for the writer's two sons, is illustrated in photogravure. Pastorius died—the exact date is not known—near the close of 1719, being sixty-eight years old, and was buried in an unknown grave, presumably in the little Germantown Friends' burying ground.

CURRENT FICTION.

Open Country. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The John Senhouse of this broken idyl, the writer of the letters which chiefly record it, is he of "Halfway House," but in a slightly earlier phase. He stands for a favorite figure in current English fiction—the man of comfortable birth who revolts against the conventions of his up-bringing, and discards the accessories with which fortune has hampered him. He reaped the intellectual harvest of Cambridge life, but would not try for a degree, and strolled away one morning, without impedimenta, from college and conventional life, never to return. Thereafter he became a "gentleman gipsy," a theoretical anarchist, a roving painter, author, and botanist. He had not, it is to be noted, the disadvantages of the outcast. He chose to live in a tent, and to dress in a pair of flannel trousers and a sweater, at an expense of a few shillings a week, which he earned himself. But the ameliorating fact always remained in the background that he was the son of a rich father, who stood ready at any moment to restore a lapsed allowance, and was sure some day to turn over a fortune to the harmless prodigal. In consequence, society always remained open to him, chose to consider him as amusing and eccentric instead of reprehensible. We behold him therefore from time to time, juxtaposing his inseparable sweater (would not a blazer have done?) to the white shoulders and shirt-fronts of a tolerant elect. When he likes, he may pitch his tent upon some lordly park or lawn. The fact is, he has the advantages without the responsibilities of his position.

He meets a maid in the forest, and an opening scene of rather preposterous unconventionality leads to an intimacy which the pair agree to call friendship. Presently Senhouse finds himself loving the girl as far as it is in him to love a woman. It is the vague eloquent

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emotion of a poet tinged, but not dominated, by the passion of a man. She is his Beatrice—his Artemis—anything but his woman to win and keep. Her own heart is touched by no feeling beyond affection, for the simple reason that he makes no attempt to arouse anything beyond it. In consequence, it is not long before she is appropriated by another man; whereupon Senhouse undergoes a certain amount of suffering. But he is after all merely one of your self-centred lovers of mankind. There is a moment which brings him almost to the point of regret that his attitude toward his Sanchia has not been that of an ordinary man. But he does not believe in marriage; and his punishment lies in the necessity of marrying Sanchia to the other man, for her own sake. He does not think himself worthy of her, yet is brought to desire her conventional union with a man who is greatly less worthy, and who has stepped into the place in Sanchia's heart which he himself has deliberately left empty.

The story is largely told in the form of letters which will be recognized as having been recently published in an American magazine, under the title "Letters to Sanchia." The performance as a whole hardly shows Mr. Hewlett at his best. Here more clearly than ever his ingenuousness is seen to be ingenuity. Senhouse is as unreal a figure as the Skionar or Forester of a Peacock, and the narrative in which he appears has by no means the satirical dignity of a "Crotchet Castle" or a "Gryll Grange."

Melchisedec. By Ramsey Benson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The writer of this story has unmistakably something to say, but delivers his message with an unfortunate superabundance of violent gesture and expletive. The message itself is far from new, but perennially interesting as all attempts at the unattainable must ever be. The theme of the non-sectarian and dogmaless priest, after the order of Melchisedec, who embodies in modern form the author's idea of the Christ-spirit, has become familiar. Even among the most fervent admirers of such books as "A Singular Life," "The Servant in the House," and "Il Santo" (without the last-named we doubt if "Melchisedec" would have been written), it is an open question whether this subject can ever be satisfactorily presented; there is scarcely room for question that Mr. Benson, at least, has failed in his major purpose, though he has given us a psychological study of no mean interest. The play of heredity in his half-breed hero is much in the line of present thought, and the gradual awakening of the religious nature of the young savage is finely portrayed. His pathetic disappointment in the church of his adoption, which drives him back to the kindly old French doctor, is artistically the end of the story. From that point the writer, evidently in the attempt to represent adequately the earthly side of his hero, falls into grievous sins of taste, and the last book drags its slow length along in puerile anticlimax that would be less offensive than dull, were it not for the insistent dwelling on the resemblance aforesaid. This book is a crying example of the tendency of the writer of the day to fall more and more under the spell of an inertia which holds pen to paper after the actual story is finished.

Zandrie. By Marian Edwards Richards. New York: The Century Co.

This is a love story pure and simple, in the fullest sense of the words; there is simplicity in its very extravagances, and Zandrie's almost superhuman innocence is not only credible, but entirely convincing. An impulsive, intense child, convent-bred, she finds her ideal knight in Julian Furness, flung from his horse at the convent doors. Julian is crippled for life, and Zandrie finds no joy in the world save that of being his companion and servitor. The book is simply the narrative of her struggle to this end, against the allied forces of Mrs. Grundy, the treacherous machinations of Julian's jealous mother and Zandrie's other lover, and—most potent obstacle of all—Julian's own sense of right, which forbids him to weight his little sweetheart's destiny with the burden of his own maimed life. Of course, true love triumphs at last, after the author has luxuriously heaped Pelion of misery upon Ossa, and proved her hero in furnaces of affliction heated to a degree hardly possible for any but the ardent heart of youth to conceive. In the entire treatment of the theme there is a morning freshness that sorts well with the callow years of the protagonists; and even the Depraved Mother provokes hardly more than an indulgent smile—she is so like the Wicked Queen of the fairy-tales, for whose naïve villainy the red-hot iron shoes always seem too cruel a punishment.

The End of the Road. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This story, though rather higgledy-piggledy as a novel, gives a really interesting picture of South African conditions before and since the Boer war. The hero is a transport rider who knows and loves his road, his bullocks, his Basutu driver, his Kaffir neighbors. Going out from England as a mining engineer, he soon yields to the call of the road, and becomes one of the brotherhood who love the "journey-which-always-goes-on." To these pioneers the railway is a commercial intruder, civilization a baleful necessity. Yet a chance meeting with a married white woman in the wilds rouses questions as to the white man's destiny; and when this meeting is followed by another with an unattached Englishwoman, the conflict begins between the Road and the Girl. All ends naturally, but not until the war has come and gone; not until the railway has made obsolete the transport rider; not until the places that knew the spoor of the antelope and the clamor of Guinea fowl, know them no more; nor until even the hero has reluctantly accepted the universe as one that must move.

TWO ESSAYISTS.

The Shadow on the Dial. By Ambrose Bierce. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $2 net.

Causes and Consequences; Practical Agitation; Emerson and other Essays. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 each.

It has been said that the attention of the apathetic reader of to-day cannot be roused by charming him or amusing him or even shocking him—you must irritate him. Mr. Bierce and Mr. Chapman have both adopted this principle. If Mr. Bierce's acerbity is more flamboyant and luxuriant in growth, as befits a product of the Pacific slope, Mr. Chapman's more insinuating tendrils are better adapted for blistering the cuticle of the longitude of New York. A good many years ago Mr. Bierce published a book of short stories entitled "In the Midst of Life," dealing almost altogether with events of the civil war. These stories, too little known, are excellent. They are well-imagined and are told with a reserve and a directness that make straight for the reader's nerves. It is discouraging to note in the present volume the fatal effect of a lifetime of journalism on a fine talent. It is true that this volume appears to consist of articles insufficiently esteemed by the author for inclusion in the ten volumes of his works which are shortly to be published. But as far as it goes, it shows that Mr. Bierce now forces the note, talks about matters he does not perfectly understand, says habitually more than he means, counts that sentence lost which contains no paradox, and contradicts himself without a blush. But his power of phrasing abides; a debating society could be kept busy by the suggestions in the following dicta:

In freeing us from the monarchical chain, the coalition of European Powers commonly known in American history as "the valor of our forefathers" stripped us starker than they knew.

International arbitration may be defined as the substitution of many burning questions for a smouldering one.

All languages are spoken in Hell, but chiefly those of Southeastern Europe.

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Mr. Bierce contends that the shadow on the dial of civilization is going back, and finds that "the men and women of 'principle' are a pretty dangerous class, generally speaking—and they are generally speaking." Mr. Chapman, on the other hand, believes that we get on in the long run in proportion as we stick to "principles." But whether the shadow is waxing or waning, our authors agree that this is a dark hour. Mr. Bierce thinks that democracy is intrinsically bad; Mr. Chapman thinks that it has only accidentally been a failure up to the present time. He analyzes its bad effect on our collective character, the opportunity it has given for corruption, and its share in producing the famous American "timidity." We cannot afford to think clearly or speak boldly on any subject, for we may suffer pecuniarily or socially if we disagree with our neighbors; "a civilization based upon a commerce which is in all its parts corruptly managed will present a social life which is unintelligent and mediocre, made up of people afraid of each other, whose ideas are shopworn, whose manners are self-conscious." "Here at last we have the great characteristic which covers our continent like a climate—intellectual dishonesty." Mr. Bierce rejects republican government on the ground that it does not govern. Mr. Chapman admits that it does not govern, but contends that we should forego the pleasure of being governed for the profit of being educated. But by his own showing, our institutions give us the same education that Fagin gave Oliver Twist. Mr. Chapman's hope for the future is grounded on the revival of courage, but the virtue that has been atrophying under democracy will become otiose as collectivism progresses. The forces which are making us constantly more timid and more alike are still far from having their perfect work.

Mr. Chapman turns for relief from politics to art. The artist is the altruist: in proportion as his work is good it is unselfish. "The Elgin marbles and a decision of John Marshall are valued for the same reason. What we feel in them is a painstaking submission to facts beyond the author's control." Art may go altogether under democracy, but as long as it exists it will be the protest of the individual, at all costs, against the tyranny of the majority. Mr. Chapman's literary essays have a double-barrelled interest; they are keen, witty, and impartial critical judgments, and they are corollaries of his theory of life. He values Emerson highly as an enemy of organization, for where even two or three are gathered together concessions are made and the wings of "principle" are clipped. But he is able to see Emerson's incompleteness. He is "a Shelley, and yet a sort of Yankee Shelley, who is mad only when the wind is nor' nor' west." "If an inhabitant of another planet should visit the earth, he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there were two sexes; and this, after all, is probably the fact with which the education of such a stranger ought to begin." The reader who has enjoyed Mr. Chapman on Emerson will want to know what he has to say of Browning, of Walt Whitman, and of Stevenson. And in no case will he be disappointed.

The essays that make up Mr. Chapman's three volumes have all appeared in print before, some, at any rate, in the magazines, although no formal attribution is made except in the case of the "Emerson," which was published originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*. All have been revised and may, therefore, be considered as representing the author's matured views, but there is no notice of material alteration.

The Latins in the Levant: A History of Frankish Greece (1204-1566). By William Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

We have not had heretofore a complete history of the Latin principalities in the Levant. Nor have we one now; for Mr. Miller has left out of his book the states in Crete, Cyprus, Syria, and Jerusalem, while the Latin empire on the Bosporus receives only incidental notice. On the other hand, he has recounted in great detail the strange deeds of the Flemish, French, Italian, and Spanish adventurers who in the long and troubled interval between the capture of Constantinople and the completion of the Turkish conquest of the Morea held in precarious possession the chief places of what is now modern Greece.

As a book of reference Mr. Miller's work has a value which will not be soon impaired. It contains the substance of what has been known about the period, and, in addition, countless corrections and extensions, as well as many new determinations of chronological, topographical, and genealogical relations. Nor does it fail altogether in general effect. By the very weight of its innumerable incidents it impresses the character of the age upon our imagination. It was a world of vast and incurable disorder, which is inherent, perhaps, in every feudal system, but which was aggravated in this case by special complications. There was the conflict with *two* ecclesiastical systems, the lack of national unity among the barons, the neglect of the Salic law with the consequent strife for heiresses and widows and the consequent need for women to do the work of strong men; there was, at times, the awkwardness of a dual or triple allegiance to lords mostly non-resident and absorbed by more pressing cares; there was the disheartening discovery, made in the battles of Pelagonia (1259) and Kephissos (1311), that massed infantry was superior to mounted knights. This discovery the Latin nobles could not utilize; so that their adversaries, more fortunate in this respect, became the exponents in the East of military progress. Thus Catalans, Navarrese, Albanians, and Janissaries were able to destroy the Latin principalities.

We believe that some readers will be interested in the careers of a few of the five or six hundred personages who crowd Mr. Miller's pages. The Villehardouins and the Acciajuoli win our attention by the magnitude of their work, the women by their romantic marriages and their unromantic remarriages, the Greeks by their misfortunes and crimes. But the figures in the long procession are so indistinct and succeed one another so rapidly that in the end the eyes of the most zealous reader wander. We predict that few will read all of the book, none all with pleasure. The historical student is not tempted far into it by the blazing of trails which he may have been following in earlier mediæval, Byzantine, or Turkish history. Mr. Miller has detached his province too much from its environment. His treatment is too episodic; his interpretation too impressionistic. And while he has done his whole duty in the matter of travel, documentation, and study, and has visited "all the chief castles and sites of the Frankish period," ransacked the archives of Venice, Naples, Palermo, and Barcelona—"the great cemeteries of mediæval Greece"—and has consulted all the printed books known to him "in Greek, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and Latin, which deal in any way with the subject," he has not given the reader any estimate of the value of the sources, he has not arranged his bibliography with any care, and he has incorporated into his text much matter which should have been relegated to the notes or omitted altogether. "The Latins in the Levant" is the work of an indefatigable traveller and antiquarian. As a collection of materials it is highly valuable; but it is also another striking evidence of the truth of the *dictum* that knowledge and industry do not suffice to make an historian.

The Claims of French Poetry. Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets. By John C. Bailey. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

In spite of certain conspicuous merits, Mr. Bailey's volume does not wholly satisfy the expectations which it raises. The introduction, if not the title, would lead one to look for a kind of essay in comparative literature to determine, on something like general principles, the

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relative merits of French and English poetry. And it is in accordance with this implicit promise that Mr. Bailey begins his serious business of criticism with a paper on "English Taste and French Drama," meaning thereby the drama of the seventeenth century. His point of view in this article, as in the whole course of his volume for that matter, is frankly English; his object in this instance is to justify the common insular prejudice against Corneille and particularly Racine, whom he triumphantly finds inferior, not only to Dante, Shakespeare, and the Greek tragedians. but in some respects to a number of romantic poets. His attitude is calm and judicial, he realizes that the unfortunates are on trial for their lives, and what he says is all true enough in itself; his rating is in some sort justified. But this kind of discussion is one which no lover of Racine will much enjoy; for, after all, such rating, whether justified or not, misses the point; and it is impossible to read this chapter, good as it is in parts, without feeling that the writer has never wholly got into his Racine.

In so far, however, the book may be said to fulfil its pretensions; it is an examination of the claims of French poetry. But the remaining essays are hardly other than papers of the ordinary appreciative character; each attempts to exhibit what is distinctive of some one French poet; for in spite of his relatively adverse judgment, the writer still believes that there is much in French verse which the lover of poetry cannot afford to neglect. At the same time, its type, on the whole, is that of Horace: it is "the broad way across the plain of life, not the difficult paths over the mountains."

With this idea in mind—and some further notion, perhaps, of exemplifying the exceptions as well as the rule—he considers severally Marot, Ronsard, La Fontaine, André Chénier, Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, and Heredia. These pieces are acute and interesting, and particularly well illustrated by copious quotations. Marot is "the most natural of poets." "The charm of Ronsard lies" in "the effect as of 'something rich and strange'" and "the graceful play of fancy." La Fontaine is, with Molière, "one of the greatest pleasure-givers of all times and all countries." Chénier has "a political fervor which makes us think of Shelley, and an artistic insight into the beauty of Greek mythology which is a foretaste of Keats." Hugo is "a kind of spokesman of humanity, and in particular . . . he more than any one else is the poetic voice of the nineteenth century." "The dominant note of Leconte de Lisle [is] a kind of intellectual and artistic quietism," while the main characteristic of Heredia seems to be "an air of unique distinction."

Such are, in brief, the claims of these poets upon our attention, as the writer sees them. Some of his confrontations are a little curious; yet every now and then he works out a suggestive parallel—as between Leconte de Lisle and Matthew Arnold. But his list itself is the most significant thing in the book. Upon this roll of "greater French poets" there does not figure a single prominent classic. They are all virtually disposed of in the essay on "English Taste." Evidently, Mr. Bailey is modern and romantic; and the fact explains sufficiently perhaps his reservations toward Racine and Boileau, and even Malherbe, and his expansiveness toward Marot and Ronsard, as well as Molière and La Fontaine, whom he excepts from the other writers of their period.

Notes.

In November Constable & Co. will begin the publication of an illustrated edition of the works of George Meredith, in about twenty-six volumes, to be sold in sets only. One volume will comprise the uncompleted novel, "Celt and Saxon," and there will be other unpublished matter, including an incomplete romance and a comedy. A bibliography will appear in a final volume.

Fleming H. Revell Company announces for publication on October 2 "The Immigrant Tide: Its Ebb and Flow," by Edward A. Steiner, and "Court Life in China: The Capital; its Officials and People," by I. T. Headland.

Dr. Johnson's bicentenary is to be commemorated by the reissue of Boswell's "Life" in two volumes, edited by Roger Ingpen, and with six hundred illustrations (Sturgis & Walton Co.).

"Roman Cities of Northern Italy and Dalmatia," by A. L. Frothingham, is among the autumn publications of the Sturgis & Walton Co., and "The Roman Assemblies from Their Origin to the End of the Republic," by Prof. George Willis Botsford, is on the Macmillans' list.

The Macmillan Co. announces two college text-books of considerable importance in Prof. Louis Kahlenberg's "Outlines of Chemistry" and the "Representative Biographies" of C. T. Copeland and F. W. C. Hersey.

Among the new books on the list of Sherman, French & Co. are: "Selections from the Writings of Sir Walter Raleigh," edited by F. W. C. Hersey; "Religion and the Modern Mind," by Frank Carleton Doan, of the Meadville Theological School, and "The Prison Ships and Other Poems," by Thomas Walsh.

Notable among the autumn publications of Henry Frowde are editions of Campion's "Complete Works," edited by P. Vivian; Spenser's "Poetical Works," vols. II and III, edited by J. C. Smith, and the Marquis of Halifax's "Complete Works," edited by W. A. Raleigh—all three in the Oxford English Texts; Marlowe's "Works," a popular edition in one volume, edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke; "The Dublin Book of Irish Verse," edited by J. Cooke, and, in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry, "Shelley's Literary and Philosophical Criticism," edited by J. Shawcross.

Two more books on Africa are announced: "Snapshots from Sunny Africa," by Helen E. Springer (Fleming H. Revell Co.), and Peter MacQueen's "In Wildest Africa," illustrated by Peter Dutkewich (L. C. Page & Co.).

In "The Picturesque Hudson" (The Macmillan Co.) Clifton Johnson gives a pleasant and timely description of the river. "To a very large degree," he says, "the peculiar sentiment and romance that are associated with the Hudson are due to Washington Irving. The river may almost be said to have been discovered by him. . . . Whether he was writing fiction or simply interpreting fact, in either case his lively imagination and gentle humor imparted an atmosphere that will always color the public impression of the region." To Irving's fables, which he quotes liberally, the author has added touches of local color gleaned from talks with fishermen and "old settlers" who still take their living from the river. Historical events and associations are recorded, and the scenery is described without too many superlatives. The illustrations, some forty in number, from photographs taken by Mr. Johnson, are marked by their individuality.

As a descendant of Robert Fulton, Mrs. Alice Crary Sutcliffe ("Robert Fulton and the Clermont," the Century Co.) has had access to family documents which were not available to previous biographers of the inventor, and these throw additional light on his efforts and achievements. Not the least interesting of these papers is Fulton's hitherto unpublished recital of the experiments in France with his plunging boat and with his torpedo, or bomb submarine. From the inventor's point of view both were practicable. "He openly demonstrated the principles of his inventions," says Mrs. Sutcliffe, "and vainly offered them to the French government. If Napoleon had been favorable to them, the history of Europe might have changed. But Napoleon's scientific counsellors pronounced Fulton 'a visionary' and his invention 'a mad scheme.'" The French judgment of the man was a "simple absurdity." Every detail of his inventions was set down in figures, drawings, and models; moreover, he had always in view the advantages humanity would receive from the products of his genius. That point the author drives home. Fulton's predictions regarding the benefits of canal systems—a subject near to his heart—have been borne out by the development of navigation in this and other countries. As he wrote to George Washington:

> The discovery of the mariner's compass gave commerce to the world. The invention of printing is dissipating darkness and giving a polish to the mass of men. And the introduction of the creative system of canals as certain in their effects will give an agricultural polish to every acre of America.

Thus it is not a mistake to characterize Fulton as a reformer who was "deeply interested in the largest problems of humanity." A valuable addition to the book is the list of Fulton's paintings and miniatures, several of which are in the hands of American collectors.

What art has joined together, science has attempted to put asunder, in "The

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Collaboration of Webster and Dekker," a dissertation by Frederick Erastus Pierce, published as Vol. XXXVII of the Yale Studies in English. Since Fleay's unsupported attribution of the greater part of "Westward Ho" and "Northward Ho" to Webster, the best critical opinion has been steadily shifting to the opposite ground. In a study of Webster which appeared in 1905, Prof. E. E. Stoll argued pretty conclusively that all literary tests pointed to Dekker as the principal author of the two plays. By a systematic application of the various familiar processes, Mr. Pierce endeavors to reduce uncertainty about these two plays and "Sir Thomas Wyatt" to the lowest terms. In so far as he uses the "parallel passage," the "metrical," the "incident," the "character," and "atmosphere" tests his procedure, though clear and methodical, is not original, nor in its results much more than corroborative; he concludes that the share of Webster in the citizen-comedies was very small, and that he wrote about a third of "Sir Thomas Wyatt." The dissertation tends as a whole to strengthen our conviction that the earlier students of the drama generally failed to do justice to the abundance and fertility of Dekker's genius

But the most interesting part of Mr Pierce's work is an entirely new test for the discrimination of authorship—a test almost as impartial as mathematics and yielding results as easily tabulated. Observing off-hand a marked difference between Webster and Dekker in the use of polysyllables of classical derivation, Mr. Pierce devised a method of comparison, as follows:

> The first thing to do . . . is to reduce the whole scene in question to solid prose lines; that is, to find how many lines it would contain if it were printed as one solid block of prose, without breaks at the ends of metrical lines, without gaps between speeches, and without stage directions. Then the whole number of three-syllable words (of Greek or Latin derivation) divided by the number of solid prose lines, equals the ratio of these words to a line. For instance, if a scene contains 100 solid lines and 22 of the aforementioned words, its word-average would be .220. If the length of the prose line, which is the standard of measure, is carefully kept the same, this gives the fairest and most accurate kind of test.

Investigation, scene by scene, of all the plays produced by each of the writers separately reveals a surprising consistency in the proportion of polysyllables. When entire plays are compared, the difference between the two authors is striking. Of Dekker's ten plays, the lowest has a word-average of .116; the highest, .252. Of Webster's five plays, on the other hand, the lowest has a word-average of .296; the highest, of .349. Between Dekker's highest and Webster's lowest is an interval of 44 points. On the mathematical theory of chances, Mr. Pierce asserts that "when a scene has a word-average of .300 or more, the chances are 68.9 to 4.3, or 16 to 1, that Webster, and not Dekker, wrote it," etc. Of course, this test has its limitations. It is necessary to take into consideration the nature of the subject-matter; the dramatist will lengthen his stride when he steps into the tragic sock. Furthermore, there may be very genuine collaboration between two authors, though one of them never writes a word; in such case the test would be useless. But safeguarded by other tests and employed as cumulative evidence—as Mr. Pierce has employed it—it would prove a useful addition to the instruments of the investigator.

We have received from the Catholic Summer School Press of Fordham University a second edition of Dr. J. J. Walsh's "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries." When this volume of lectures first made an appearance, two years ago, the *Nation* said that, paradoxical as was the thesis suggested by this title, no great difficulty existed in understanding the point of view from which it was deduced. "Name the thirteenth century, and immediately we think of Dante and his supreme vision; of the Latin hymns, . . . of St. Francis, who for a while made Christianity a reality of common life, of Thomas Aquinas, . . . of the Gothic cathedrals." The new edition of this narrative of the "age of faith," which is, of course, considered from the standpoint of a devout Roman Catholic, presents in its appendix "some authoritative opinions that will enable readers to see that many of the author's ideas . . . are shared by men who have devoted the better part of their lives to the special study of the questions on which their opinions are quoted." There are also certain corrections and revisions in the body of the text. As for the appendix and its strange assemblage of testimony, while it makes suggestive reading, it hardly goes to strengthen Dr. Walsh's book. Even though it is nowadays in order to attack the eighteenth century, whether from the base of politics, or of social theory, or of the arts, yet it is decidedly indiscreet to make any so general statement as that "The eighteenth century provided practically nothing that was to live and be a vital force in after times."

"Railroad Promotion and Capitalization in the United States," by Frederick A. Cleveland and Fred Wilbur Powell (Longmans, Green & Co.), is not, as one might be led to expect from the title, a study in present-day corporation finance. It is rather a history of transportation development with particular reference to the sources from which funds were drawn for canal and railway building, and to the methods employed to obtain these funds. As a background for the presentation of the main thesis, much detailed information concerning the general history of railways is given, some of it not heretofore published. The history of the transportation funding policy is traced carefully through all its stages—efforts to secure national aid and their meagre results, State enterprise, and its failure, State and national aid to private companies, and local and individual subsidies. The authors are disposed to be lenient with the early railway promoter, to consider him as a product of his social environment, and to question the right of present-day students to judge him by what they call "the new morality of to-day"—a point of view made more or less familiar nowadays by frequent repetition, but none the less difficult to accept. With regard to subsidies in general, the authors reach the conclusion that there is "evidence sufficient to show that the policy of granting subsidies to railroads was not only unnecessary, but also that it was of questionable value to the companies themselves." The book contains an elaborate bibliography of nearly fifty pages.

The press of W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, has just issued a small, well-printed duodecimo, "Deck and Field," containing Frank W. Hackett's two addresses delivered before the Naval War College while he was assistant secretary of the navy, and ten others on certain commemorative occasions. He is rather slow generally in getting under way, and he labors too often under the disadvantage of a trite subject. Little that is new can be expected on July 4, or Flag Day, or at a Grand Army post meeting, for example; and we all know what an assistant secretary of the navy will say at the opening of a War College session. On the other hand, when he deals with things outside the ordinary course, he is very interesting. This is especially true of his account of the services and untimely death of the gallant Lieut.-Commander Charles W. Flusser, an heroic name, not so well known as it should be. Mr. Hackett was himself present, as an officer of the Miami, when that vessel was attacked by the rebel ram Albemarle in 1864, and he speaks with personal knowledge of the action. He does full justice to the memory of his noble commander, who was killed by fragments of the shell he had himself discharged against the enemy at so close a range that her armored side almost touched the muzzle of his own nine-inch gun. Mr. Hackett has performed a graceful act in thus recalling to mind Flusser's courage, professional skill, loyalty to the flag, and religious devotion.

Another group of tales has just appeared in The Romance of The East Series. It is a little volume of stories extracted from Somadeva's "Kathāsarit-sāgara," and edited by Dr. L. D. Barnett (Dutton & Co.). As Somadeva is a well-known author, and the text has before this been completely translated, it is necessary to say only that "The Golden Town" (as Dr. Barnett calls the whole volume) contains several excellent specimens of the work of the famous Hindu romancer.

The significance of the new work of Karl Kautsky, the protagonist of the theories of Social Democracy, entitled "Der Ursprung des Christentums" (Stuttgart: J. H. W. Dietz Nachfolger) lies in the fact that it undertakes in a scientific manner to furnish a full explanation of the genesis and early development of Christianity from the social democratic point of view. He substitutes the materialistic principle for the "individualistic" of the historians and the theologians, and accordingly does not find the active forces of historical development in the ideas and actions of individuals, but in the movements of the masses interpreted as a natural development. Accordingly Christianity is to be explained chiefly as an outgrowth not of the personality of such leaders as Jesus or Paul, but of the social and cultural agitations of the day, chiefly of the Zealots who were the most radical exponents of Messianic thought of Israel. This party, according to Josephus, had already produced a large number of claimants to the Messiahship, all of whom died a violent death, just as Jesus suffered the death of a rebel. Christianity itself originated in the communistic ideas and ideals that had been imperfectly voiced by the Essenes

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and Therapeutes, and later Christianity transferred these theories to their idealized Jesus. The original communistic Christianity, however, was soon perverted through the influence of the wealthy and the development of a hierarchical episcopacy. Kautsky's methods of dealing with the sources are very arbitrary, after the principle of *stat pro ratione voluntas*. He regards as historically trustworthy the report of Acts on the communism of the first congregation in Jerusalem, but practically discards the rest of the book as he does the whole record of the four gospels, and entirely ignores the Pauline literature.

In the Oxford Higher French Series, edited by Leon Delbos (Clarendon Press), appears Victor Hugo's "Préface du 'Cromwell,'" rightly envisaged by its editor, Edmond Wahl, as a document of prime importance in the history of romanticism—the manifesto, indeed, and call to arms of the "Men of 1830." The introduction (in French), at once lively and solid, recalls vividly that time of *cénacles* and politico-literary ferment, traces with a firm hand Hugo's antecedents and consequents, and assigns to the "Préface" its place both in French literature and in general literary theory and criticism. Of special interest are the treatment of Hugo's central concept of the grotesque; the estimate of the omissions and limitations of the "Préface" considered as a statement of romanticist principles; and the plain inference that, in Hugo's fundamental truths concerning the relation of life to art, classic and romantic are agreed, while both are anticipated in Aristotle. This admirable edition is more than a college text-book for courses in poetics, criticism, French literature, or comparative literature; it is a book to possess.

"Robespierre et le procès du paratonnerre (1780-1784)," by Charles Vellay, is a pamphlet of thirty-one pages, giving in great detail, and largely from manuscript records, the story of Robespierre's argument before the courts of Arras, in defence of the right of his client, a resident of Arras, to put up a lightning-rod on his house. It is a graphic picture of the conditions of life in provincial France before the French Revolution. The help of the experts in Paris, Condorcet, Le Roy, Élie de Beaumont, and, in Dijon, Maret and Moreau, and of lawyers without end, was invoked to overrule the unfavorable decision of the local court. After much discussion in scientific bodies and in the press, Robespierre made the final and successful argument, and it was printed both at Arras and Paris, in pamphlets that have become very rare. Le Roy of the Paris Academy of Sciences wrote that Franklin told him the original condemnation of his lightning-rod by the Arras Court was quite inexcusable, for it was in use in France and Germany and Italy and Russia, as well as in Great Britain and America. All these facts Robespierre used with force and effect in his argument, and when the case was favorably decided Robespierre sent to Franklin a copy of his pamphlet, with a letter, unknown to his biographers, but now in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania. This letter was reproduced in photography a few years ago, and is reprinted by M. Vellay in this interesting little pamphlet. The argument itself is reprinted in the recent number of the *Annales Révolutionnaires*, the organ of the Société des Études Robespierristes, which is now publishing all of Robespierre's own writings and all historical documents. It thus helps us to a better knowledge of the epoch of the French Revolution, still in need of analysis. That two men of such different careers and characters as Robespierre and Franklin should have been thus brought in touch on one point, is of itself of interest. Even more interesting, however, is the light thrown by M. Vellay's pamphlet on the social conditions of France in the days of Robespierre's youth, and on his professional and political progress by his defence of Franklin's invention. The account of a solemn session of a local Parliament, in which Bishops, Clergy, Noblemen, and the Tiers État listened to a scientific description of his lightning rod, is a capital picture of public life in France in 1783.

Philipp Stein, editor of the *Bazar*, has died in Berlin at the age of fifty-five years. He was the author of works on Ibsen, Goethe, and other subjects.

From Berlin is announced the death, at the age of fifty, of Dr. Albert Römer, editor of *Korrespondenz für Kunst und Wissenschaft*, and the author of works on Fritz Reuter, and other authors.

Science.

Cave Vertebrates of America.. By Carl H. Eigenmann. Publication No. 104, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

This work may be called a study of degenerative evolution, and although much of it is necessarily technical, the general facts and summaries are of wide interest. Dr. Eigenmann has left no department of his subject untouched, from an exhaustive chapter on the general consideration of caves to histological descriptions of the degenerate eyes of the inhabitants. The method of colonization of a cave with living creatures may be involuntary, as in the case of aquatic creatures carried into underground channels, or, as in the case of non-aquatic forms, voluntary; there following a gradual adaptation to new conditions. Among the factors at work may be mentioned the twilight entrance section, the section of fluctuating temperature, and the cave proper. In this last portion we have absence of light, constancy of temperature, and the absence of all, except imported, food.

One of the most interesting statements in the general chapter is that some widely-distributed cave species have independently arisen in different places from a far-ranging terrestial species. Dr. Eigenmann is correct in stating that there are no blind birds, but the mention of the phœbe and owl is entirely aside from his subject, while the omission of the apteryx, with its reduced vision and increased tactile sense, is regrettable.

Thirty-five pages illustrated with many excellent plates are devoted to the consideration of blind or cave vertebrates other than fishes; the eyes of the mole, the cave rat, the cave salamanders, and such reptiles as *Amphisbæna* and *Typhlops*. Although many of these eyes have an extremely primitive appearance, yet all are the result of degeneration from complex organs of vision, and hence are essentially adaptive. The active components of the organ, such as the optic muscles, are the first parts to degenerate.

Fishes occupy by far the major part of the monograph (about 175 pages), and especial attention is given to the life and development of the *Amblyopsidæ* and of the Cuban blind fishes. In regard to the former the author concludes:

> It is evident that the causes controlling the development (of the eye) are hereditarily established in the egg by an accumulation of such degenerative changes as are still notable in the later history of the eye of the adult.

Thus we are led to reflect on the inheritance of acquired characters. The sequence of development of the degenerate eyes of this group is summed up in these words:

> The foundations of the eye are normally laid, but the superstructure, instead of continuing the plan with additional material, completes it out of the material provided for the foundations. The development of the foundation of the eye is phylogenetic, the stages beyond the foundations are direct.

In an interesting final chapter on the causes of individual and phyletic degeneration we read: "Considering the parts most affected and the parts least affected, the *degree of use* is the only cause capable of explaining the conditions." It is a pleasure to know that at least one scientist does not take refuge in the all-convenient explanation of mutation!

The typography and both the colored and the uncolored illustrations are up to the very high standard set by other publications of the Carnegie Institution.

When Prof. Charles S. Myers says, in the preface of his "Text-Book of Experimental Psychology" (Longmans), that the lack of such a volume has been keenly felt, he has in mind English schools, not American. Although the writer disavows offering an introductory outline of general psychology or more than a guide through the psychological laboratory, he really has combined history, theory, and criticism to a far greater extent than most other authors of experiment manuals. In addition to the 155 investigations covering all the usual problems, there is a compact account of the latter and the various interpretations of them. Whether this is a virtue or a defect, each teacher will answer according to his own predilections for a more or less stern inductive handling of psychology; but Professor Myers's free mixture of authoritative statement, history, and direct inquiry is surely in line with the dominant tendency.

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The author's personal knack of teaching is frankly reflected in the order of topics. Here lies cause for dissent. In showing a beginner what experimental psychology strives to do, and how it does it, one must pass from the simpler problem and the less delicate experiment to the more complex and more delicate. Professor Myers, however, goes from skin sensations to hearing, thence to the labyrinthine and motor sensations, thence to sight, and finally to the very easily managed taste and smell qualities. Reaction times, the tyro's delight, are treated after the very difficult question of statistical method, which is discussed with such brevity that collateral lectures and reading are indispensable. The result throughout is that Professor Myers must resort to bracketing large sections of each chapter for later reading. Apart from this literary confusion the subject-matter is, for the most part, clearly and adequately set forth—if anything, perhaps too adequately for a strictly elementary work. The appended descriptions of psychological instruments and their use are clarified with numerous mechanical drawings, and leave nothing to be desired. As a whole, the book makes heavier demands upon the beginner's maturity and earnestness than could be ventured on in one written for the American undergraduate.

As a testimonial of twenty years of friendship with the English investigator, Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald has translated Sir William Ramsay's recent work on the past and future of chemistry ("Vergangenes und Künftiges aus der Chemie"; Leipzig: Akademische Gesellschaft), and Professor Ramsay has returned the compliment by writing for the German edition an interesting biographical sketch of considerable length, which does not accompany the original English volume. Professor Ostwald adds some novel comment, and asks if the German universities have really attained to the high standards and ideals which Sir William in his enthusiasm is inclined to ascribe to them.

A six months' "General Exhibition of Hygiene" is to be opened in Buenos Ayres in May, 1910. The direction offers three classes of prizes for exhibits: one in a strictly national competition, the second in a competition limited to the Latin-American countries, and the third in a general competition. In connection with the exhibition will be held an international American Congress of Medicine and Hygiene. Congress and exhibition alike commemorate the first centenary of the May Revolution of 1810. The congress is divided into the following sections: biological, medical, surgical, section of public hygiene, pharmacological and chemical, and sections of sanitary technology, veterinary police, and dental pathology.

John Janvier Black, M.D., of Newcastle, Del., died in that place September 27, in his seventy-third year. He was a graduate of Princeton College and of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. He wrote "Cultivation of the Peach, Pear, and Quince," "Eating to Live," and "Forty Years in the Medical Profession."

Dr. George Cuvier Harlan, an eye specialist, of Philadelphia, died in that city on September 25, aged seventy-four years. He was a graduate of Delaware College and of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania; and during the civil war served as medical officer on board the gunboat Union, and as surgeon of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was formerly president of the American Ophthalmological Society, and contributed articles on his specialty to text-books and to medical journals.

Drama and Music.

English Nativity Plays. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by Samuel B. Hemingway. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

At the outset we wish to congratulate our editor upon his choice of subject for the doctoral thesis, published as No. 37 in the "Yale Studies." He has not only profited by the opportunity to exhibit sound scholarship but has given to the reading public a book of decided practical utility. The ordinary student can scarcely be expected to struggle with the whole ungainly corpus of plays locked up in the York, Towneley, Chester, Hegge, and other collections. One must be a trained scholar to coördinate properly Miss Toulmin Smith, Pollard, Deimling, and Halliwell-Phillipps. Accordingly, it is a downright boon to get in one volume a group of plays thoroughly annotated, and provided with a generous glossary (the initiated will best appreciate the force of the epithet) and an introduction that really introduces one to the general subject of the church plays in English. The Nativity group, here presented, is unquestionably the best possible selection. It has a certain dramatic unity of theme; it also offers the largest number of points of interest.

In one respect the volume is defective: it should have included the Herod-Magi plays. Their incorporation would have swelled the volume a good deal, but, if we are to have the Nativity plays, let us have them entire. The adoration of the Magi is an admirable set-off to the adoration of the Shepherds; besides, it is only after reading Herod's bombast that one appreciates Hamlet's exhortation to the players to avoid out-heroding Herod.

Upon the editor's introduction we offer a few criticisms. The remark (p. ii) upon the Devonshire manuscript of the Chester plays is not just to Dr. Furnivall. We would, furthermore, protest against the editor's designation of one collection as the "Coventry" plays. In his preface the editor renders his thanks to "Prof. John M. Manly of the University of Chicago for advice and encouragement." We are confident that Professor Manly never gave this particular bit of advice; on the contrary, he has said explicitly:

I have chosen to call the plays by the name of the earliest known owner of the MS ["Hegge"], for I see no reason to connect them with Coventry; and "so-called Coventry Plays" is a clumsy expression.

These, however, are minor faults, and outweighed by the fact that the editor is peculiarly independent in his treatment of the Chester and the Hegge plays. His text of the former rests upon a personal examination of the Devonshire MS.; of the latter, upon photographs of the MS. Vesp. D. viii.

More serious are our objections to the editor's general views upon the liturgical Latin drama. Speaking frankly, we would urge him to turn aside from such second-hand writers as Davidson, and to acquire the method of investigators like Lange and Creizenach. If the scholarship of the past twenty years has accomplished anything, it has demonstrated: first, that the liturgical drama had its source in the very concrete visit of the three Marys to the Sepulchre; secondly, that the Christmas drama was added to the Easter movement as an imitative afterthought.

Concerning the supposed French influence in the Chester plays, pp. xxiv-xxvii, we suggest that there is a conclusive argument against the "popular theory . . . that they are little more than translations or adaptations of some French play that is now lost." And the argument, indeed, would apply to the other collections, York, Towneley, etc. The difference of structure between the French plays and the English is fundamental and organic; the French plays are in rhyming couplets, the English in more or less complicated stanzas of lyric tone. Now, although it is quite conceivable that a translator or adapter might change stanza-movement into couplet-movement, it is quite unlikely that he should reverse the process.

As disciple of the Yale school the editor could not be expected to refrain from "parallels." In theory we do not object to them; in practice, however, we find them at times inapt. Thus, the parallel between Percy's fierce protest against the "certain lord. . . . Fresh as a bridegroom" and the Towneley shepherds' grumbling at the "prowde swane" is wholly unilluminating. A genuine parallel, both in temper and in time, could have been found in "Piers Plowman," in the indictment of Wrong. The editor's citation, p. 286, of the Italian-French adage, "The devil is dead," would have been brought home to many readers by a reference to Denys the archer, in "The Cloister and the Hearth."

We have examined minutely the text of the first Chester play, as far as verse 208, together with the notes and relevant glossary entries. From this test we have gained a favorable impression of the editor's scholarship. The notes are decidedly helpful and the glossary is much superior to ordinary works of

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its kind. Not that there is a total absence of error and oversight. For example, p. 217, note upon verse 8: "*This*. Evidently an error, misspelling of *thus*." Spies, in his "History of the English Pronoun," shows that in Middle English the confusion of the words "this" and "thus" was chronic, and survived even in Elizabethan English. "Fulfellede," v. 100, needs amending to "fulfyllt," in rhyme with "guylte." In v. 106, the *y* of *syde* (seed) is assuredly in need of explanation; also the dialect form "yearth," v. 171, for "earth," deserves a note. The phrase "lovely lore," v. 206, as it stands, is a crux. It cannot mean "acceptable doctrine." Our interpretation, which for want of space we cannot prove step by step, is that the phrase means "praiseworthy training": training in the sense of Proverbs, xiii, 24. Still, these and similar faults do not impair the value of the work as a whole.

We have discussed Dr. Hemingway's book at some length, partly for its intrinsic merits, partly also because of its practical possibilities. Inasmuch as the appearance of Manly's promised third volume, to contain his introduction and notes, seems postponed indefinitely, those of our colleges and universities which undertake to teach the origins of the English drama are in need of just such a book as the present one. To everybody, instructor or student, this edition of the Nativity Plays will come as a welcome release from much drudgery.

We can do no more than register the appearance of three new volumes of the Tudor Facsimile Texts, edited by John S. Farmer and published by T. C. & E. C. Jack of London and Edinburgh. These additions are: "The Temptation of Our Lord," by John Bale, written in 1538, reprinted from the Bodleian copy, the only copy known to exist; "The Beauty and Good Properties of Women" [otherwise "Calisto and Melibæa"], from the single Bodleian copy (c. 1530) known to exist; and "The Marriage of Wit and Science," licensed in 1569-70, also from the single existing copy in the Bodleian. The character of these reprints is now known to all students of the early, and for praise we could only repeat what we have said of previous issues.

Moffat, Yard & Company will make an interesting offering in their "American Primitive Music," probably the first detailed treatment of Indian music, by Frederick R. Burton.

Art.

The production of artistic potteries in the United States has advanced rapidly enough to justify a third, and revised, edition of Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber's "The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The original volume, which appeared in 1893, was a thoroughly creditable handbook of a little known subject. Through it many amateurs of this and other countries became aware of the existence here of an important fictile art which is almost as old as that of Great Britain. In arranging the present edition the author has added chapters on the development of the art since the Chicago Exposition, on recently discovered historical data, and on the pottery of Mexico. At least two rather famous potteries have been omitted from the exposition of present-day products. These are the pottery at Marblehead, Massachusetts, conducted very successfully for several years past in connection with a local "arts and crafts" enterprise, and the one at West Sterling, in the same State, which is directed by Mr. W. J. Walley. In general, the treatment of the artist potters whose names are familiar to followers of the handicraft exhibitions appears to be just and well proportioned. The discussion of Mexican potteries summarizes the results of Dr. Barber's expedition of exploration in 1907—a quest which proved the artistic value of the majolicas and other wares of old Mexico. The title of one of the chapters transferred by oversight from the first to the third edition is misleading; "The Present Century" obviously refers to the nineteenth and not to the twentieth.

"Box Furniture," by Louise Brigham (New York: The Century Company), deserves a good word. Even the preface is interesting: not everybody has learned during a winter in Spitzbergen to utilize discarded packing cases as material for household furniture. In the body of the book directions are given for making from soap boxes, breakfast-food boxes, and other wooden receptacles which usually reach the chopping block, some one hundred articles of household furniture, "known to be useful," and, in some instances, "believed to be beautiful." The diagramatic illustrations by Edward H. Ascherman, from designs by the author, show rooms and corners of rooms which look almost too good to be true. Yet photographs, some made in a dwelling seven hundred miles north of the Arctic circle, others in social settlements of Copenhagen and of several American cities, prove that ingenuity and taste avail more than marble and mahogany in creating a harmonious and even sumptuous effect. Appreciation of what can be done with boxes and combinations of boxes should be valuable to the American who has a summer home or camp.

"Wirthschaft und Kunst" is the title of a solid volume of nearly 450 pages by Heinrich Waentig (Jena: Gustav Fischer), in which is outlined the theory and history of art tendencies in modern industry throughout the world. The main investigation is limited to England, Austria, France, and the United States, all of which countries the writer visited for first-hand study. The great work of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Morris, and the relations, growing ever more and more complex, between art and labor, art and necessity, are so clearly and forcibly discussed that these chapters of the work in themselves deserve wide publication. A chapter is given to France and England, dealing with the art movements in each country separately and then in common, and the agreement and radical dissimilarity in Austrian and German *Gewerbekunst* are shown. Forty-three pages sketch the historical development of American industrial art, Herr Waentig finding, with Prof. Karl Lamprecht, that, as yet, we have developed no really distinctive types. All, he says, remains a hodgepodge and a medley, as was shown in the little-of-everything nailed up at St. Louis, where "the American exhibit did not equal those of the European countries, and was distinctly disappointing in itself." The germ of industrial art in America is, however, conceded to be of the soundest quality, the provisions for instruction in drawing and manual training in the public and technical schools being of the best.

"La Peinture au Musée Carnavalet" (E. Sansot), by Alcanter de Brahm, is a convenient volume on the paintings in the museum of City of Paris history. These collections occupy the Paris house of Madame de Sévigné.

The exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in connection with the Hudson-Fulton celebration is notable, first of all, in its assemblage of paintings by the Dutch masters of the earlier half of the seventeenth century. This group of Dutch paintings includes thirty-four Rembrandts—and three more are to be added; twenty by Franz Hals (a greater number than was ever before collected); five, with another on its way to join them, by Vermeer of Delft; seven Hobbemas; four Salomon Ruisdael landscapes, and eleven Jacobs; besides Cuyps, Steens, and Pieter de Hooghs, etc., etc. The representativeness of the exhibition is to be attributed not only to the richness of the museum's own treasures, but also to the coöperation of Messrs. Morgan, Frick, and Johnson, and of Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, and many others. The American part of the exhibition is rich in specimens of the work of Copley and other early portrait painters of his nation. And it was a happy thought to show, in addition to their examples of American painting, specimen work of our cabinet-makers, from the earliest colonial times to about the date of Fulton's death. Not the least important product of the museum staff's enthusiastic collaboration in the Hudson-Fulton fête is their promised issue of a richly illustrated catalogue of the Dutch paintings shown in their exhibition, edited by Dr. W. R. Valentiner.

Finance.

STARTING A SPECULATION.

The beginning of a concerted movement to drive up the price of an important commodity on the market is always a striking event, and the present era has been so largely a period of spectacular operations of the sort, in many markets, that the community's interest in them has grown to be not only aborbing but perennial. These are the main reasons why last week's announcement that a great speculation was about to start, deserves some special comment. Stating, on Tuesday of last week, when cotton was selling at 12¾ cents a pound, his personal position in the market for

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that commodity, James A. Patten went on to say:

I am firmly convinced that the present cotton crop will sell above 17 cents—that the record prices of the Sully year will be bettered. This conclusion is based solely on crop conditions and the increased consumption of the staple.

My firm has a private wire system extending all over the country, into the cotton as well as the wheat and corn producing centres. Our customers asked our advice about cotton and I began to investigate crop conditions. All the established reports pointed to a small production, and my own information was of the same character. Therefore, I am in the cotton market.

There are two distinct aspects to the incident, the personal and the economic. Mr. Patten's public attitude naturally lends strength to the cotton speculation; he comes into that market with the prestige of a remarkably accurate advance judgment regarding last season's wheat shortage, and of a remarkably successful speculative campaign. Traditionally, this is a dangerous reliance; for it is a curious fact about speculation in the past that success in one market has not by any means guaranteed success in another. The experiences of Keene and Gates in the grain market, after successful exploits in stocks, and Sully's rather absurd performance in the coffee market, on the heels of his seemingly brilliant cotton corner, are instances in point.

Taking the price of "December contracts" as a measure, cotton sold, three days after Patten's statement, at 13½ cents a pound, as compared with 12⅝ a week before, 10⅝ as recently as last June, and 8⅞ a year ago. In the decade past, cotton has gone above the week's price in one season only—that which followed the very short crop of 1903, when the spot price touched 16⅝ cents. It is fair to say, then, that the present price is high. With the causes for this high price and the argument for a price still higher, the public is familiar—the lowest "September condition" on the Agricultural Department's records, a destructive storm in the cotton belt last week, a planted area 1,452,000 acres below last year's, and a popular estimate of indicated yield not exceeding 11,500,000 bales, as against an estimated "world's requirement" from our cotton fields of 12,438,000.

This last consideration, it should be observed, does not disclose so wide a discrepancy as that of 1903, when the estimate of requirements was 11,250,000 bales and the crop 10,000,000. Supplies now on hand and the foreign crop indications are also very much larger than they were, six years ago. The present "world's visible" is 2,190,000 bales, as against only 1,139,000 at this time in 1903—which would offset, so far as comparisons go, a shortage of a million bales in this season's crop. India and Egypt, our two chief competitors in cotton production, estimate for a harvest between them, this season, 850,000 bales above the season past, and 1,300,000 bales in excess of 1903. These are the legitimate factors in the problem.

That the present American crop is short of normal requirements, is admitted; but, as the above-cited figures show, it must also be conceded that the present price is high. How much higher it can be made to go, is a question to which the speculators and the spinners will jointly give the answer. However much a commodity may be needed, there is some level of prices at which consumers will do without; to this, the past experience of every market testifies. The action of the cotton mills and the cotton consumers bore witness to it during the "Sully corner," when the price, having reached 16⅝ cents per pound in March of 1904, fell to 10¾ in June at the moment of greatest depletion of supplies, carrying down with it the speculators. We shall see how these aspects of the case work out in the coming cotton season.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armstrong, W. Art in Great Britain and Ireland. Scribner.
Bacon, B. W. Commentary on the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Bain, R. N. The Last King of Poland and His Contemporaries. Putnam.
Barbour, R. H. Captain Chub. Century Co.
Beach, R. The Silver Horde. Harper. $1.50.
Björnstjerne Björnson's Novels. Vol. XIII. Mary. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Book of Isaiah. With introduction, notes, and explanations by G. H. Box. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Bredon, J. Sir Robert Hart; The Romance of a Great Career. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Briggs, C. A. Church Unity. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Bull, J. B. Fridtjof Nansen: A Book for the Young. Translated by the Rev. M. R. Barnard. Heath.
Burton, R. From the Book of Life. Little, Brown. $1.25 net.
Cary, O. A History of Christianity in Japan. Vols. I and II. Revell. Each $2.50 net.
Coburn, F. S. Tales of Edgar Allan Poe. Putnam. $1.
Cole, P. R. Later Roman Education in Ausonius, Capella and the Theodosian Code. New York: Teachers College, Columbia Univ.
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Eldridge, W. T. An American Princess. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50.
Eldredge, Z. S., and Molera, E. J. The March of Portolá, and the Log of the San Carlos. San Francisco: California Promotion Co. 50 cents.
Ellis, E. S. Unlucky Tib. Boston: Dana, Estes. $1.25.
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